

The Outlook

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THE STORY OF THE WAR: THE OFFENSIVE AGAINST VERDUN

The persistent but varied attack of the German forces on the fortified positions around Verdun continued until on March 8 it had lasted for over a fortnight. During the last week of this period the attack was not pushed forward from the northeast, where the Germans continued to hold the fort and village of Douaumont, although the French still determinedly held the plateau of the same name, resisted what German attacks were made, and carried on counter-attacks with vigor. The main effort of the army of the German Crown Prince during this time was on the flanks rather than on the front—in other words, its lines were extended, with fierce fighting, both to the east and the west of Verdun. On the east the most important single gain by the Germans was the capture on March 7 of the village of Fresnes, of no importance in itself, but of value as a center of roads and a railway town. Fresnes is on a line running north and south about ten miles east of Verdun, and is about twelve or fifteen miles directly to the southeast of Verdun itself. On the west—that is, on their own right flank—the Germans took the town of Forges, which is to the northwest of Verdun and has strategical value; from Forges they made advances near the River Meuse, and took some of the high ground in the vicinity. This gain on the western side is regarded as being of chief value to the Germans in that it will divert or prevent some of the French artillery fire heretofore poured from this direction on the Germans at Douaumont. Despite these gains by the Germans, French military critics pointed out that the French forces were still in full possession of commanding heights in advance of their own fortifications, and that to capture any of these really essential positions the Germans would have to pass through a terrible fire. The constant references in the despatches to such hills as (in their English form) Pepper Hill, Goose Hill, Crow Hill, and Dead Man's Hill

indicate how well protected the center of the Verdun position is by outlying heights.

Discussion has continued during the week as to whether the attack on Verdun is really an attempt for a vital and decisive blow at the French line; or, as some say, a sign of desperation on the part of the Germans; or possibly even a great feint to be followed by the real attack in another direction. The number of men engaged and the fierceness of the attack would seem to render the last theory improbable. While there has been vigorous fighting on other parts of the Franco-Belgian line, the concentration at Verdun is vastly in excess of anything that happened elsewhere.

THE CONTROVERSY OVER ARMED MERCHANT SHIPS

Strengthened by the action of Congress last week, the President can now take up the armed ship controversy with Germany again, with some assurance that he will not be attacked in the rear by attempts to deny the rights of American citizens. In both the Senate and the lower house the bills which would curtail these rights by officially warning American citizens against sailing on armed ships were laid on the table. In the Senate the final vote was 68 to 14; in the House the vote was 276 to 142. It is true that the action was in its form negative rather than positive, and that the laying aside of the bills did not, theoretically, commit either house to the contrary of the position taken in the original bills. The real meaning of the vote was, however, rightly interpreted by the country as, in substance, a complying with the President's request that "our foreign relations may be once more clear of damaging misunderstandings." In the Senate, by the tricky addition of an amendment totally in conflict with the original resolution, the record was clouded; but the intention not to embarrass the President by the warning proposed was perfectly evident. In the lower house there was an evident desire on the

part of many of the members to play politics and to avoid offending constituents, but the victory of the Administration was equally unmistakable.

Meanwhile the actual points in controversy as regards armed merchant ships have become clearer. The memorandum from the German Foreign Office, quoting alleged instructions given to British armed merchantmen to fire upon submarines at sight, is in the hands of the Secretary of State, but has not been made public as we write. The British Admiralty, however, has published the instructions given by it in this matter on October 20 last. These are still in force, and were issued later than the date of the alleged secret instructions.

The British distinctly say that such vessels must use arms only for resisting attack, but the definition of what constitutes defense is broadened by the assertion that the Germans themselves have recognized the "right of the crew of a merchant vessel to forcibly resist visit and search and fight in self-defense," and also by the following declaration:

Experience has shown that hostile submarines and aircraft have frequently attacked merchant vessels without warning. It is important, therefore, that craft of this description should not be allowed to approach to short range, at which a torpedo or bomb launched without notice would almost certainly be effective. British and allied submarines and aircraft have orders not to approach merchant vessels. Consequently it may be presumed that any submarine or aircraft which deliberately approaches or pursues a merchant vessel does so with hostile intention. In such cases fire may be opened in self-defense in order to prevent the hostile craft from closing to a range at which resistance to a sudden attack with bomb or torpedo would be impossible.

The contention of Germany, of course, is practically that for a merchant ship to fire on a submarine before the submarine has fired upon the merchantman cannot in any case be an act of defense. In view of the fact that German and Austrian submarines have in many instances fired upon merchant ships which have not resisted, or have destroyed the ships before the crews had time enough to make their embarkment in small boats possible, there is sound reason in the British argument that for a submarine to advance directly and closely upon a merchant ship is in itself an attack, and that to stop it is an act of defense.

WAR INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK

In the east the Russians are making notable advances. On March 2 they took the fortified city of Bitlis, in the Taurus Mountain region of Armenia. Bitlis is over a hundred miles south of Erzerum (captured by the Russians on February 15), and is less than four hundred miles from Bagdad. Apparently the Russian plans include an attack upon the Bagdad Railway and such an advance toward Bagdad as would threaten the Turks in Mesopotamia and help to relieve the situation of the British forces at Kut-el-Amara. That situation has been lately greatly improved by reason of the addition of reinforcements to the British army under General Aylmer which is advancing to the relief of General Townshend at Kut-el-Amara. In the other part of their campaign the Russians have been driving the Turkish forces before them westward, and they are close upon Trebizond as we write, while a new Russian force is said to be advancing upon Trebizond along the line of the Black Sea. From Rome come rumors of plotting and revolt in Constantinople, and it is even asserted that Turkey is trying to negotiate a separate peace with Russia.

An incident which has caused great rejoicing in Germany has been the return to a German port (not named, but probably Wilhelmshaven) of the raider *Moewe*, which captured the *Appam*, now in American waters. The declaration from Berlin is that the *Moewe* brought back four hundred prisoners taken from fifteen vessels of the Allies and \$250,000 in gold. The assertion is also made in the Berlin despatches that the *Moewe* engaged in sowing mines along the "enemy coast," and that it was one of these mines that sunk the British battle-ship *Edward VII*. German papers declare that other raiders will be sent out. On the other hand, Mr. Balfour, in the English House of Commons, declared last week that there is not now a single German cruiser at sea.

The French Ministry of Marine announced lately that there were nearly four thousand men aboard the French auxiliary cruiser *Provence*, sunk in the Mediterranean on February 26, and it is supposed that three thousand lives were lost instead of the thousand at first reported. A letter just published from a member of the French Chamber of Deputies who was saved from the *Provence* disaster gives a moving account of the courage and devotion of the soldiers. Thus, he says: "Commandant Vesco of La Pro-



"THERE IS AN IMPRESSION ABROAD THAT THERE IS A SCHISM IN OUR GOVERNMENT."

—Representative Small, of North Carolina.

vence, remaining on the bridge to the last second, dominated the tumult by his voice, crying, 'Adieu, my boys!' The men grouped together on the forward deck responded with enthusiastic shouts of '*Vive la France!*' "

A new Zeppelin attack was made by the Germans on the British coast on March 5. London was not visited, but in several counties on the east coast bombs were dropped, with the result, as stated by the British War Office, of no appreciable material damage, and the death of three men, four women, and five children.

In a speech before the House of Commons on March 7 by the British First Lord of the Admiralty, Arthur J. Balfour, Mr. Balfour declared that a million tons had been added to the total tonnage of the British navy since the war began, while the air service had increased tenfold. Mr. Balfour recited the enormous figures of combatants, stores, and oil which had been transported for Great Britain and her allies in the presence of hostile submarines and pointed out what splendid work the navy had done in this direction. The navy, he said, "has become a sort of international fleet, serving many nations." The former First Lord of the Admiralty, Colonel Winston Churchill, urged that Admiral Lord Fisher should be recalled to office, and intimated that there was a lack of driving power and mental energy in the present naval management.

NATIONAL DEFENSE IN CONGRESS

At last definite and authoritative plans are now before Congress for improving the land forces of the United States. One plan has been prepared by the Committee on Military Affairs of the Senate, the other by the Committee on Military Affairs of the House. Mr. Chamberlain, the Chairman of the Senate Committee, introduced his bill on March 4. Mr. Hay, the Chairman of the House Committee, presented his bill on March 6. A detailed report of either of these bills or a comparison between the two would require considerable space and would call for more study of them than can be made in the short time since they have been printed.

In brief, it may be said that they provide, first, for an increase in the regular army, including the enlargement of West Point by the appointment as cadets of enlisted men of the army (the Senate bill giving to the

regular army a peace strength of 170,000 men and a war strength of about 250,000); second, for the establishment of a real regular reserve, made up of professional soldiers who have enlisted and served actively for one or two years, and who then may be discharged into the reserve for the rest of the period of their enlistment, subject to service in case of need; third, for the creation of a body of reserve officers and for a training corps for students and others who may be rendered eligible as reserve officers; fourth, for the reorganization or so-called Federalization of the State militia or National Guard.

In these bills the acute question just now is not that of increasing the regular army or of providing the reserve. It is the question of the creation or organization of the citizen soldiery. Important as the enlargement of the regular army is, mistakes in providing for that enlargement may be remedied. But if at this time a serious misstep is taken with reference to the citizen reserve, it will be very difficult to retrace it.

Those who have followed the discussion in *The Outlook* concerning National defense need not be told that *The Outlook* regards as a grave error any attempt to utilize our present State militia or any force not directly responsible to the Federal Government as a reliance for National defense. It is in this respect that these two bills are defective and wrong, we believe. They both propose that the organized militia shall be paid, and specify the amounts that the Federal Government shall pay as salaries to militia officers. In return for this pay, these men are supposed to sign a contract with the Federal Government that they will obey the orders of the President. This is the essential thing in the so-called Federalization. It seems to us to be based on wholly erroneous views as to what our National defense requires. The privilege of citizenship involves an obligation. The citizen is as truly obliged to defend his country as he is to serve on juries or to pay his taxes. That seems axiomatic. To ask a man to volunteer to serve his country and to pay him for doing so is to deny one of the elements of democracy. And then to distribute those volunteers under the authority of forty-eight different States, making the authority of the Federal Government dependent upon a contract signed for value received, is not only to degrade the citizen soldiery, but to render it inefficient.

This is the feature that stands out in these

bills. We do not believe the country wants it. Militia influence is organized, and public influence is unorganized. The higher officers of the National Guard have secured this feature in these bills. It now remains for the people of America to decide whether they are satisfied to let that feature stand as it is, or whether they want a real democratic citizen soldiery.

GERMAN INFLUENCE IN CONGRESS

Under the administration of United States Attorney H. Snowden Marshall, a Federal Grand Jury in December indicted a number of men on charges of conspiracy to restrain foreign trade for the purpose of laying an embargo which would be in the interest of Germany. Among the men indicted was a member of Congress, Frank Buchanan. The most effective defense is said to be an offensive. Mr. Buchanan, acting on this plan, secured from Congress an investigation of the Federal Attorney's office. As a consequence, a sub-committee of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives has been hearing witnesses.

Among those whom it called was a reporter of the New York "Times" by the name of Holme, who had made some statements in a news article. Mr. Holme declined to state from whom he had received his information, and thereupon was held in contempt by the committee. At once Mr. Marshall wrote a letter to the committee, assuming the responsibility for the information stated in that news paragraph. In that letter he said that he told Mr. Holme that the sub-committee's expedition to New York "was not an investigation conducted in good faith, but was a deliberate effort to intimidate any district attorney who had the temerity to present charges against one of your honorable body." And he added: "I said that I regarded a Member of Congress who would take money for an unlawful purpose from any foreign agent as a traitor, and that it was a great pity that such a person could only be indicted under the Sherman Law, which carries only one year in jail as punishment."

Former Judge E. Henry Lacombe, of the United States Federal Court, has written to Mr. Marshall, the District Attorney, a letter, printed in the newspapers, pointing out that a man who is charged with having accepted money furnished by aliens for restraining and interfering with certain indus-

tries in this country, and who protests his innocence, would, one might expect, be keen to expedite the date of his trial. Instead, he appeals to the "courtesy of the House" and secures the active co-operation of his colleagues. "Whatever doubts," writes Judge Lacombe, "one might entertain about the truth of the charge—so grave that one is loth to credit it—are quite likely to be dispelled by the methods of the defense."

The President, in his last annual Message, spoke of plotters working in the interest of foreign governments. What he then said was indefinite. The issue raised by this investigating committee of Congress is much more specific. Evidence has been published by the New York "World" to show that there has been a definite attempt to influence Congress in the interest of Germany, and the letters which the "World" has published have been acknowledged as genuine. Instead of investigating others at this time, Congress itself ought to be investigated.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR

In appointing a successor to Secretary Garrison, who recently resigned his position as the head of the War Department, President Wilson has chosen a man whose qualifications are largely those of character and general ability. Newton D. Baker, whose nomination as Secretary of War has been confirmed by the Senate, is one of the most high-minded of the younger men in political life in America to-day. He was several years an associate and supporter of Tom L. Johnson, whose career in Cleveland elicited criticism and bitter opposition, but left its indelible impress upon the city. Mr. Baker has always been known as a reformer who does things. Under Mayor Johnson he was City Solicitor, and therefore was in the thick of the fight over the street railway franchise question. Afterwards he became Mayor of Cleveland, and administered the office for two terms with ability. Cleveland is recognized as one of the few cities in the United States that had successful municipal government before the recent tendency toward the commission form of government, the city manager plan, and the like made headway. For no small measure of this success credit must be given to Mr. Baker.

As a Democrat Mr. Baker has been influential on the side of clean politics. He belongs to the distinctly progressive, not to

say radical, wing of the party. Like many radicals of this type, he has had an inclination toward pacifism, though he is not an advocate of peace at any price. He was an advocate of Mr. Wilson's nomination, and helped to turn the votes of a number of Ohio delegates for him. This is not Mr. Baker's first experience in the Federal Government, for he was for a time private secretary to the Postmaster-General in 1896 and 1897. Mr. Baker is a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, and took his law degree at Washington and Lee.

As he is reported to have said himself, he knows nothing of the duties of the office of Secretary of War, and will have all these to learn. This means that for a time at least he must be a figurehead, or else must learn his duties at the expense of the country. Coming at this time, when the most important domestic question before the Nation is that of National defense, it is peculiarly unfortunate that the Nation has at the head of its two departments of National defense, one Secretary whose incapacity as executive head of the navy is a matter of common comment, and another man whose capacity for the Secretaryship of War has yet to be proved, and whose unfamiliarity with his duties is admitted by himself. Under these circumstances it is a cause for special gratification that the new Secretary of War brings to his duties high ideals of public service.

THE MAYORS AND PREPAREDNESS

The emphatic vote of Congress to support the President in his stand for the rights of Americans on the high seas was not the only event of the week indicating that the American people are moving rapidly toward a position of firm insistence on the recognition and fulfillment of their rights and duties under international law and the well-understood principles of humanity. The action of the National Defense Conference of Mayors at St. Louis on March 3 and 4 was another sign that America is beginning to find herself and to want to maintain her respect for herself.

Two hundred and fifty representatives of eighty cities gave palpable evidence that, as one speaker said, "the present campaign for defense . . . is sweeping provincialism away, is making us think straight and think Nationally, and is cementing the people of all sections of the United States." The two-day Conference was concluded by the adoption

of a resolution demanding "the immediate authorization by Congress of the building programme of the General Board of the Navy of July 30, 1915," the increase of the personnel of the navy "in conformity with the requirements of the service as interpreted by the General Board," the complete manning of coast defenses and the increase of the regular army as recommended by the General Staff, "the immediate formulation of plans by the Federal Government for the organization and mobilization of the physical resources of the country," and the holding of four military training camps in different sections of the country before the end of this year.

The *pièce de résistance* of the Conference, however, was the indorsement of the principle of universal military training for the United States, which was framed in words much like those which The Outlook has used recently in advocating this reform. The mayors resolved "that, recognizing the military obligation equally with a civic obligation as a fundamental duty of democratic citizenship in a republic, and to establish a system which will affect alike every man in the republic, we approve and recommend the adoption of universal military training under Federal control throughout the United States."

These resolutions were signed by the official representatives of cities from every section of this country.

AMBASSADOR MORGENTHAU

Henry Morgenthau, the American Ambassador to Turkey, has come home from Constantinople for a brief visit in connection with his official duties. His friends and fellow-citizens have taken the opportunity of his brief stay in New York to testify to him, through a series of receptions and dinners, their respect for his sterling Americanism, their admiration for his personal character, and their gratitude for the work which he has done as American Ambassador, not merely in behalf of American rights, but for the protection of human rights. No American diplomatic post has been more difficult to fill during the European war than that which he has filled at Constantinople. Not only are there many American citizens who are living as missionaries in the Turkish Empire, but there are in that country three educational institutions founded and conducted by Americans which have a European reputation of the highest rank for efficiency and influence.

We refer to Robert College at Constantinople, to the Syrian Protestant College at Beirût, and to the Constantinople College for Women. The part which these institutions have played in the educational and political development of the Turks, the Armenians, and the inhabitants of the Balkan States is romantic in the extreme.

The trustees of these three institutions joined as hosts in a luncheon to Ambassador Morgenthau recently in New York, the guests being representative of various creeds and walks of life. It is not often that such tributes are paid to the statesmanship, justice, and human sympathy of any man as were paid at this luncheon by the Christian officers of these institutions to Mr. Morgenthau, who is a Jew.

He was born in Mannheim, Germany, in 1856, came to the United States in 1865, attended the public schools, the City College of New York City, and was finally admitted to the bar. His chief business activities have been connected with the development of New York City real estate, and he has been associated with many important financial corporations. He was Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Democratic National Committee in 1912, and was appointed Ambassador to Turkey in 1914.

Mr. Morgenthau is president of the Free Synagogue of New York, and has been a personal worker in many Jewish religious and charitable organizations. In his business undertakings he is a man of large vision and courage, and the union of these two qualities has been one of the main factors in his success as a business man. To these may be added, as an explanation of his marked success as an Ambassador, his knowledge of men, his fairness, his desire to adjust difficulties and unravel problems, and his religious faith in God and man. His almost immediate predecessor as American Ambassador at Constantinople was Oscar Straus, also a Jew. The record of these two men as American citizens is an inspiring demonstration of the fact that at the basis of true citizenship and of true patriotism there is something much deeper than ecclesiastical creeds or racial associations. The real basis is a profound sympathy with human rights and human justice, and a belief, with the Prophet Micah, that true religion requires of a man "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God"—nothing less and nothing more.

COLONEL HOUSE

The return to this country of Colonel E. M. House from his visits as the President's special representative to several of the capitals of the nations at war has naturally aroused speculation as to Colonel House's observation and report and renewed discussion as to his status and function. As to the first, it is well not to put reliance on the newspaper statements, for the report was confidential, and Colonel House is an adept in avoiding questions. It may be reported, however, that, according to these press assertions, the President was informed that the German Government is being urged on to submarine activity by public clamor, which insists that English commerce must be destroyed by any means available; that the German people do not want war with the United States; that the reports of ill feeling toward America in other nations have been greatly exaggerated; and that the time is not yet opportune for mediation offers by the United States.

As for Colonel House's status as an "envoy," the criticism by Mr. James M. Beck, formerly Attorney-General of the United States, that in sending him abroad the President has overstepped the Constitutional provision that no official representative should be sent abroad except with the consent and advice of the Senate, seems to ignore the statement by Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, that Colonel House's mission was not of a diplomatic nature, but personal. There are precedents not a few upholding the right of a President to employ personal representatives to obtain information, to report conditions, and informally to discuss open questions with officials of other countries. Such an agent has not the right to enter into agreements that would bind his country, and in this is the difference between an agent and an officially accredited minister or ambassador. Our first President, Washington himself, took this course when he sent Gouverneur Morris to London, not as a minister, but because "I wish to be ascertained of the sentiments and intentions of the Court of St. James's" on certain subjects. Numerous other Presidents have acted likewise, down to and including President Wilson's own despatch of John Lind and Bayard Hale to Mexico to report to him directly; and, however futile or injurious the Mexican experience may have proved, its legal propriety was not at the time attacked. It is understood that Colonel House draws no pay and

that his expenses are paid through the General Contingent Fund.

An interesting portrait of Colonel House will be found in our picture section. He is a Texan by birth and residence, a Democrat who has been active in political campaigns but never a candidate for office, and is a trusted personal friend of President Wilson.

A BLOW AT HONEST DRAMATIC CRITICISM

In New York State a theatrical producer may now exclude from his playhouse any dramatic critic whose published opinions are displeasing to the producer, except on the grounds of the critic's race, creed, or color. The highest court in New York State has just decided that a theatrical manager's theater is his castle. We may now look for an increasing scarcity of the honest dramatic critic in New York State—a species that had already become exceedingly rare there.

This decision of the Court of Appeals was delivered in the case of Alexander Woolcott, dramatic critic of the New York "Times," against the Shuberts, well-known producers of New York City.

The Shuberts banned Mr. Woolcott from their theaters on the ground that his criticisms of their plays were displeasing to them, particularly his criticism of a play called "Taking Chances," an English version of a German farce. The "Times's" critic then secured an injunction from the Supreme Court of the State which forced the Shuberts to admit him to their houses. But the Shuberts took the case into the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, which decided in their favor, although evidence was introduced to prove that not all of the criticisms which the Shuberts had objected to were written by Mr. Woolcott and that Mr. Woolcott had on more than one occasion written favorable reviews of Shubert offerings. It was this decision of the Appellate Division which the Court of Appeals by unanimous vote has just upheld.

Thus, as the law stands to-day, all theatrical managers hold a club constantly over the heads of critics, for any manager may forbid entrance to his theater to any reviewer whose writings displease him. And, of course, a critic who is banned by a few managers is likely to lose his job with his newspaper, for a critic who cannot gain entrance to theaters is a spiked gun. Thus the decision of the Court of Appeals virtually takes dramatic criticism

from the newspapers and puts it into the hands of the producers, supplanting the honest critic with the hired press agent who sells his opinions at so much a line.

We are inclined to think, however, that the managers and producers will be chary about using this new-found prerogative. It will hardly help a play's reputation with the public to know that all honest criticism of it has been muzzled. After all, the people who buy seats are the real critics, anyway, and they will do well to be more than ever cautious, now that newspaper criticism has been hamstrung.

When many papers are known to be under the thumb of the producers, the courage and independence of the New York "Times" are inspiring. Undaunted by the technical victory of the Shuberts, it continues its prohibition against the acceptance of Shubert advertising and against the publication of a review of any Shubert production, and Mr. Woolcott is still its dramatic critic. American newspapers do not always uphold their employees in a controversy with advertisers, even when they believe their employees to be right, and the "Times" deserves the congratulations of every one who believes in fearless, untrammelled journalism.

THE PUBLIC CHARACTER OF "PRIVATE BUSINESS"

This decision of the Court of Appeals has much interest on purely legal grounds, as it accords with a noteworthy trend in the development of law—namely, a tendency that has long been evident to ignore the public aspects of commerce and to treat a man's business as purely his own private affair. In delivering the decision of the Court, Judge Collin said:

"At the common law, a theater, while affected by a public interest which justified licensing under the police power or for the purpose of revenue, is in no sense public property or a public enterprise."

Not questioning that the Court's decision is in line with the most recent precedents and with the general tendency of the law's development to-day, we do raise the question as to whether that development is conducive to the public good. It seems to us that there are many dangers in promoting the individualistic aspects of modern business and the doctrine that the business man's principal obligations are to himself.

Certainly the service of the average theater is primarily a public service. Because the function of a theater is to amuse or to teach,

that function is no less public than it would be were it to transport the public or to sustain the public in health and life—the functions of the public conveyance and the public inn, respectively.

Incidentally, as the New York “Times” points out, if it is perfectly legal to exclude persons from theaters on any grounds except those of race, creed, or color, the manager who actually debarred persons because of those very grounds “would be woefully lacking in fertility of invention if he could not devise a reason that would serve his end without incurring the risk of punishment.” It would be interesting to see what the managers could do against a critic unfavorable to them if he happened to be a Negro.

We have not had, and are not likely to have, in America, any censorship of the theater by the Government. For the public the most natural means of discriminating between good and bad plays, moral and immoral, is an independent and honest press. If this means of discrimination is to be taken from it, if the theaters, supported by the courts, are to accept only the responsibilities of purely “private property,” the only recourse apparently left to the public is to withdraw from them patronage which it might give them as “public enterprises.”

THE HAITIAN TREATY

The United States Senate has ratified the Haitian Treaty.

The island of Haiti is about the size of New England. It is divided between two nations. The island's eastern portion is ruled by Spanish-Negro Dominicans under the title of the “República Dominicana.” They number less than a million, so it is stated, though they occupy about two-thirds of the island. The western third of the island is ruled by French-Negro Haitians under the title “République d’Haïti.” Though occupying a smaller territory than the Dominicans, the Haitian people number over two millions, according to late estimates.

About a decade ago financial chaos among the Dominicans caused our Government to establish what was practically a financial protectorate over the Dominican Republic at its request. When the Roosevelt Administration took up the consequent Dominican Treaty, Congress was in recess, and pending ratification by that body the terms of the treaty were put into effect by means of a *modus vivendi*. After some hesitancy on the part of the

“little Americans” in the Senate, the treaty was ratified (1907).

Haitian history has followed suit. Both financial and military chaos in Haiti made it necessary for our vessels to proceed to Haitian waters and to take over the real control of the country, American officers heading a native constabulary and navy paymasters in charge of the Haitian custom-houses. Pending the ratification of the treaty signed last September by representatives of the United States and Haitian Governments, this *modus* continued as in the Dominican case.

While the newly ratified treaty does not differ in basic principle from that with the Dominican Republic, it does differ in very important details. Among its provisions are the appointment by the President of Haiti, upon nomination by the President of the United States, of a General Receiver of Customs and of a Financial Adviser, the latter to advise an adequate system of accounting, to aid in increasing the revenues and adjusting them to expenses, to inquire into the validity of the Government's debts, and to make recommendations. All sums collected by the General Receiver are to be applied, first, to the payment of the salaries of the General Receiver, the Financial Adviser, and their assistants; second, to the interest and sinking fund of the Haitian public debt; third, to the maintenance of the constabulary; the remainder going to the current expenses of the Haitian Government. That Government is not to increase its public debt or reduce its customs duties except by previous agreement with the President of the United States; it further obligates itself immediately to create an efficient constabulary, urban and rural, composed of native Haitians, the body to be officered by Americans; finally, it agrees not to surrender any of the territory of the Republic to any foreign government.

Of course, the success of the financial and constabulary arrangements will largely depend upon the character of the men chosen to fill the offices; in that respect the recent unnecessary disturbances in the Dominican Republic, caused by certain unwise appointments, ought to be avoided.

The treaty, as a whole, represents the furthest extreme to which we have yet gone in the “big brother” attitude with regard to the small neighboring Latin-American nations. It also represents the peculiar achievements of the State Department under its present

leadership. All persons interested in the development of orderly government will hope that the new arrangement may be crowned with complete success.

Incidentally, the same Administration which would protect the Haitians is proposing to turn the Filipinos loose!

"CARMEN SYLVA"

Queen Elizabeth of Rumania, who has been known to the world for a generation as "Carmen Sylva," and who died recently at Bucharest, was one of the most accomplished and brilliant women of her time. She was a Princess of Wied, and her childhood in a little German Court was enlivened by her early interests in art and literature. King Charles, to whom she was married in 1869, was a thoroughly trained and high-minded man of the Hohenzollern type; it was believed by some, however, that the sympathies of the Queen, who was of the more cosmopolitan Rhine Valley type, were anti-Prussian in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1. During the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8, in which the King, then Prince Charles, made a military reputation, the Queen devoted herself to the care of the wounded. A portrait of "Carmen Sylva" appears elsewhere in this issue.

In 1881 Rumania became a kingdom, and Prince Charles and his wife were crowned sovereigns. The Queen was already widely known, not only for her interest in art, her generous encouragement of artists of all kinds, and her own writings in prose and verse, but for her tireless devotion to works of charity, and because of her great interest in education in Rumania and in the social betterment of women. Ten years ago she contributed to *The Outlook* an article on her work among the blind.

The King built for her a very interesting castle in a striking situation in the Carpathian Mountains; and here, as in the capital, she was a generous and enthusiastic friend of artists of all kinds. Her own accomplishments were many. She was a delightful organist and pianist; she had a fine voice, which was thoroughly trained; her skill as a painter and illuminator were unusual; and she was a prolific writer of romantic temper and poetic spirit. She was especially interested in the literature of her country and in bringing it to the knowledge of the people. Rumania was still in the lyric stage, and one of her maids of honor, Hélène Vacaresco, made an extensive collection of the popular

songs which relate to peasant life in Rumania. Queen Elizabeth was especially interested in familiarizing the children in the schools with the poetry and folk-lore of their country. Her poems early attracted attention, and in 1888 she received for a volume of prose entitled "The Thoughts of a Queen" a prize awarded triennially by the French Academy. Among her many books and translations perhaps the best known, as it is certainly one of the most charming, is "A Real Queen's Fairy Book." In a letter written a few years ago she expressed herself as sitting at one of the windows of the castle looking out into an ocean of green which the wooded hill spread out before her, and as finding her greatest joy in the solitude and silence of the very early morning. Pierre Loti, who made her acquaintance later, has described the quiet, interesting room in the castle which she reserved for her own work and study. He has also described her at her work-table in Venice writing poems, novels, and dramas with almost feverish intensity; and in a few words he has admirably summed up the quality of her work. "This work was of unequal merit; some was of sublime grandeur; some again incomplete, thrust aside, as it were, by the budding germ of the work following. She did not take sufficient pains with her writings, it being the Queen's opinion that in the matter of literature everything ought to be spontaneous."

A courteous and beautiful woman of many accomplishments and many sorrows, Queen Elizabeth was a sovereign who was devoted to the most generous aims and especially to the betterment and upbuilding of her people. She will long be remembered as the greatest benefactor the blind have ever had in Rumania.

THE CLERGY AND THE WAR

A clergyman would not be true to his great calling unless he persistently and courageously protested against the wickedness, horrors, and human suffering that are inevitably associated with war. More than any other man he ought also to protest against a war which is waged from motives of greed, aggrandizement, or a desire to enslave others for self-enrichment. It is not surprising, therefore, to find some of the best clergymen in the United States enrolling themselves against a policy of preparedness on the ground that it is militarism.

How much of the acrimony and discussion

of the day comes because men of like feelings and desires for their country and humanity cannot agree on definitions! The men who are most interested in preserving peace call preparedness Prussian militarism; the men who are most interested in opposing injustice and international brigandage call pacifism a selfish fear of suffering. This controversy between two camps of good men cannot be settled by vituperation or the use of epithets. But something can be done if each side will try honestly to understand the other side's point of view.

For this reason we print the following extract from a letter just received in the ordinary course of business. It is from a clergyman who believes both in peace and in war. He is now a lieutenant in a Canadian regiment.

"I have been," he says, "a regular reader of *The Outlook* for a number of years, although not always a subscriber. I expect to go to the front in Europe in the near future, and so want to subscribe to *The Outlook*.

"For six years I was a Presbyterian minister (although a Canadian) in the Presbyterian Church of the United States. When the cause of liberty and the ideals of democracy were at stake, I could not withstand the 'call'—not so much of my country as of civilization—any longer.

"I resigned my charge and came to Nova Scotia, my boyhood home. It seems strange, but true nevertheless, that to-day I am a happy man. I hate war and know something about it—I served through the South African War and saw its results—but there are things worse than war.

"I am going, as I find many of my comrades going, not because we hate the German people, but because we believe that Prussian militarism would be an intolerable system for the world to live under."

This clergyman hates war, and yet he is happy to make war as a soldier in the greatest war of history. Is this a psychological and moral paradox? We think not. Every man who really grasps the meaning of the words righteousness, justice, and peace, and their true relations, will understand the state of mind of this Canadian clergyman.

LAFAYETTE AND AMERICA

To those who love France and to those who love America the recent Lafayette exhibition in New York City made a strong appeal, and particularly to those who love both France and America.

The exhibition was held under the auspices

of the Lafayette Fund, which was founded about a year ago by a number of Americans who wanted to repay France a fraction of the debt we owe her for her help to us in our War of Independence, by relieving the hardships of soldiers in the trenches who are fighting France's war of self-preservation to-day. The bulk of the exhibition consisted of the famous Lafayette relics owned by the French Government and recently exhibited at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, a collection of Franklin relics relating to the Franco-American Revolutionary period, and a loan collection of Americana having to do with the Lafayette epoch, gathered from associations and private collectors here and there.

Among the many interesting items shown were Lafayette's sword, cartridge-box, hat, and other personal effects, an original field map of the Battle of Monmouth made by Lafayette's aide-de-camp for Lafayette's personal use, intimate correspondence between Lafayette and Fanny Wright, autograph letters of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, busts of Washington and Franklin, a white silk flag used in the American Revolution, and a letter from Lafayette to Baron von Steuben describing the military situation around Petersburg and Richmond during the war. The portrait of Lafayette by Samuel F. B. Morse, which usually hangs in the City Hall of New York, attracted much attention. It was painted in 1824, near the end of Lafayette's life, and is noteworthy not only for the excellence of the workmanship, but because it brings out strikingly the fuller face and heavier forehead that marked Lafayette's aspect during his later years.

There were also exhibited for sale paintings by some of the best modern French artists. The proceeds of the sale of these works of art were given by the artists to the Lafayette Fund. The money raised by the sale of small drawings and sketches done by artists wounded in the war went to the makers, however, as did the funds secured from the sale of laces and dresses made by the wives of poor French soldiers.

FLOODS IN HOLLAND

The floods in Holland prove to be the worst since 1825. Though the loss in human life has been comparatively small, the destruction of property is enormous. Cattle and sheep have been drowned in great numbers. Houses have collapsed. Worst of all, the land

lies submerged under salt water, and that means that a long time must elapse before it can be drained dry and many years before it will regain its former fertility.

The floods are caused by phenomenal tides. These burst the dikes in the province of North Holland. The well-known island of Marken, in the Zuider Zee, is under water, though no loss of life is reported. The hardly less well known towns of Volendam—that artist's paradise—and Monnikendam are also under water. Edam, the cheese emporium, seems fairly safe. But at Broeck, only a short distance from Amsterdam, the flood has poured in with terrific force and the inhabitants have proceeded in boats to other towns and villages.

Fearful as is the visitation, the Dutch Government, with the sturdy self-respect characteristic of the people, has taken prompt measures of relief and has actually requested its agents and friends abroad *not* to open funds for the victims of the inundation!

This latest flood will of course deepen interest in the great project to which The Outlook has formerly referred—that of reclaiming most of the Zuider Zee. The construction of an immense dike across the mouth of this sea, separating it from the ocean, would ultimately turn the now inland sea into a fresh-water lake, as it is fed by the river IJssel, one of the Rhine mouths—and fresh water is greatly needed in Holland. The Dutch propose to reclaim about three-quarters of the Zuider Zee, expecting that in the seventeenth year after the building of the embankment portions of the reclaimed area will be fit for habitation and cultivation. They anticipate that the area will support a population of about two hundred and fifty thousand.

THE HARVARD LATIN-AMERICAN PROFESSORSHIP

In inducing a good understanding between North and South America it has long been felt that we need to this end not only diplomatic, political, and commercial, but also educational agents. Addressing the members of the recent Pan-American Congress in this country, Dr. Ernesto Quesada, of Buenos Aires, asserted that Pan-Americanism should be established through intellectual interchanges rather than through political relations.

As no agency is better adapted to the accomplishment of this purpose than the

universities of this hemisphere, a profitable endeavor for them lies in a system of exchange professorships.

In the development of that idea Harvard University has established a chair of Latin-American History and Economics, and its first incumbent is to be the very Señor Quesada who spoke at the Pan-American Congress.

Ernesto Quesada is Professor of Sociology and Economics at the University of Buenos Aires, and also Professor of Political Economy at the University of La Plata. But he is really better known as a Judge of the Federal Appellate Court at Buenos Aires. He is a descendant of one of the most prominent families in the history of the Argentine Republic. His father, Vincente Quesada, was a great statesman and author. The son has already added much to the family fame. His writings deal with economics and constitutional problems, and he has paid much attention to comparisons between the conditions in his own and in other countries. In addition to books on his own specialties, he has also won distinction by his volumes on Goethe and Disraeli. His works are published in Spanish, English, French, and German. His Harvard duties are to cover the first half of the college year 1916-17. He will give two courses. One of these will deal with Latin-American history and economics, with special reference to Argentina. The other course, somewhat more advanced than the first, will be on certain constitutional and economic problems of Argentina.

Harvard, having already distinguished herself by such recent foreign additions to her professorial staff as Professors Anesaki and Hattori, of Japan, and Maurice de Wulf and Léon Dupriez, of Belgium, now adds to her distinction by including in her staff this eminent Argentinian.

THE COMPARATIVE LAW SCHOOL AT SHANGHAI, CHINA

In the fall of 1915 there occurred an event of great potential significance to China. This was the opening on September 4 of "The Comparative Law School of Saichow University" at Shanghai, China. The story of its origin is interesting.

Professor Charles W. Rankin, who had the chair of Political Science at Saichow University, an institution under the control of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Methodist Church, was, upon his own re-

quest, assigned to the charge of the boys' preparatory school for that University and the University of Shanghai. Realizing the need of China for men trained in the principles of foreign law, especially at a time when the establishment of a judicial system along foreign lines was under consideration, he presented the matter to the home board and asked for permission to open a law school. The proposition was at first refused, presumably for financial reasons. The local authorities of the Southern Methodist Mission at Shanghai, however, with perhaps greater faith than the home board and a keener realization of its importance and opportunities, assured him of their moral support. And accordingly, without any endowment or promise of financial assistance from any source, without the assurance even of a single student, the announcement of the opening of the school the succeeding fall was issued in the summer of 1915.

Before a monthly meeting of the American Bar Association in China, Mr. Rankin outlined his plan for the opening of the new Law School. The President of the Association, the Hon. Charles S. Solenigier, Judge of the United States Court for China, then called a meeting of members of this Association who had agreed to give their services as lecturers gratis the first year, to consider the curriculum. A three years' course was decided upon, the course to include a study of Roman law as well as of the English common law. Constant comparison will be made with the principles and practice of Chinese law. The Faculty is composed of both Americans and Chinese. Among the former it includes, besides Judge Solenigier, Mr. Jernigan, the Dean of the American Bar of Shanghai.

WHAT THE LAW SCHOOL MEANS TO CHINA

This law school for Chinese is unique in many ways. It is the first and only professional school of law in China. It is the only instance, too, of legal instruction being given under the auspices of a Christian mission.

In no country and in no age has there been so much corruption in connection with the courts as in China. This has been so deeply rooted in the past history of the country that the people have continued to this day to regard every one connected with the courts as dishonest and corrupt. The

modern so-called Chinese "lawyers" who suddenly appeared after the revolution were no improvement in this respect. Many of them are practicing in the Chinese courts of the foreign settlements and native city of Shanghai to-day.

With the opening of this Law School, it is hoped, a new order of things has been inaugurated. In no other way could China's desire to do away with extra-territoriality ever be realized. The limited number of Chinese who could afford to go abroad to study law would never suffice to supply the need of educated and trustworthy judges and attorneys that China will require to make effective many reforms in her judicial system.

Shanghai is the strategic point in China for the establishment of such a school, not merely because of its great commercial importance and its central location, but also because of the existence there of the courts of the international settlements, called the "Mixed Courts," for the hearing of criminal and civil cases affecting Chinese defendants, presided over by a Chinese magistrate in conjunction with a representative of one of the foreign consulates. This will afford the graduates of the school an opportunity for practice and will constitute a center from which they may make their influence felt in all parts of the country. It will be a proud day for the school and for China when her own sons, trained in her own country, may take their places on the bench or before the bar beside the attorneys of foreign countries, some of whom, indeed, will have been those who assisted in training them! That it will create in the minds of foreigners in China more confidence in the Chinese administration of justice, thus gradually paving the way for the final relinquishment of extra-territorial jurisdiction of their subjects in China, as provided by treaty, is also to be expected.

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM'S ASIATIC EXPEDITION

Believing that they may find remains of the earliest types of men and signs that will enable them to trace the development of some of our most remarkable mammals which originated in central and eastern Asia, the Zoölogical Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History will start for that part of the world on March 17, under the leadership of Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews.

According to Mr. Andrews, "the vast Tibetan region, north of the Himalaya Mountains," is the region where remains of the early mammals, including man, may be found. The scope of the expedition is primarily zoölogical rather than anthropological, however.

Little is known of the large territory lying south of the Yangtse River, and the expedition, which will approach Central Asia by way of China, will spend much of its time in that neighborhood, and particularly in the wild and mountainous province of Kweichau, which, says Mr. Andrews, "is probably the most interesting of all, and is certainly one of the least known." One thing that makes this province interesting is the presence of the independent tribe called the Miaotse, of which little is known. Among other places, the expedition will visit Foochow, on the coast between Shanghai and Hongkong, where an effort will be made to get a specimen of a tiger hitherto uncatalogued by science. This animal, according to a letter to the Museum from Mr. Harry R. Caldwell, an amateur naturalist, is "a handsome beast, with a Maltese ground color."

The pursuit of a tiger somewhat similar in appearance to a large Maltese cat is not the only interesting quest of the expedition. A particular study will be made of the beautiful golden-yellow takin, which is allied to the serows and gorals, that are "in many respects intermediate between the sheep and the goats." But an effort will also be made, of course, to get a representative collection of all the birds, fish, reptiles, and mammals of the regions visited.

The expedition will be equipped with a special motion-picture camera, just invented by Mr. Carl E. Akeley, of the American Museum, who became famous for his pictures of African animals. This camera is particularly adapted for the difficult work of making moving pictures of wild animals. Another unique feature will be the equipment for taking colored photographs of the birds and beasts of Asia. In short, it is hoped by virtue of the photographs brought home, as well as on account of the zoölogical specimens secured, that the expedition will amply repay its supporters, who are Mr. James B. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Colgate, Mr. Childs Frick, Mrs. Adrian Hoffman Joline, Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Bernheimer, and the Jesup Fund of the American Museum.

JUSTICE HUGHES AND THE PRESIDENCY

With Mr. Davenport's tribute to the integrity, intellectual ability, and fine patriotism of Justice Hughes in an article that appears elsewhere in this issue every honest American must agree. He should justly be ranked for character, ability, achievements, and present position as one of the foremost American citizens of the time. He combines a knowledge of practical politics, which comes from an intimate experience in political administration, with the far-seeing vision of the statesman, which comes from a knowledge of the history of the principles that underlie our republican institutions and the moral, social, and industrial needs of a democratic people. We yield to none in our admiration for his unswerving integrity and genuine Americanism.

But we see an obstacle to his nomination as the Republican candidate for President which may prove to be insuperable.

We believe we are not mistaken in anticipating that the great issue in the coming Presidential campaign will be an international issue. The campaign will turn upon the policies of the Chief Executive with regard to the protection of American citizens on the high seas, and upon the duties and responsibilities of the National Government in its relations to foreign governments. The people will select their President next November, not because of his attitude with regard to the tariff, finance, or the industrial corporations, but with regard to such international events as are typified by the fate of Belgium and the destruction of the Lusitania, and the consequent issue of National defense. For the first time since the election of George Washington the conviction of the people of the United States with regard to the foreign policy of their Government will be the most important factor in the Presidential election.

The supreme difficulty in the way of nominating Mr. Hughes is that the people have no means by which they can discover what his foreign policy is. He has written no articles, he has made no speeches, and as Governor of the greatest State in the Union he had no occasion to perform any acts which throw any light on what he would do about foreign affairs if elected President.

And there is at present no way by which the people can obtain any light on this deeply important question, for a reason which Justice

(Continued on page following illustrations)

FOUR CARTOONS BY THE FAMOUS DUTCH ARTIST, LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

Instead of our usual selections of "Cartoons of the Week," we print in this issue four pictures by a Dutch artist whose cartoons on the war, published in Amsterdam, have aroused great interest not only in his own land but throughout Europe and America. The cartoons, of which those here printed are merely representative, appeared first in the "Telegraaf" and "Amsterdammer," and later were reprinted in more permanent form by an Amsterdam publishing company. An evidence of their power is contained in the statement that "the German Government offered \$50,000 to suppress this series of cartoons." See the article by Mr. Lewis R. Freeman in this issue, and the allusion in "Some War Impressions of an American Woman."



AIN'T I A LOVABLE FELLOW?



I HAD SUCH A DELIGHTFUL DREAM THAT THE WHOLE THING
WAS NOT TRUE!

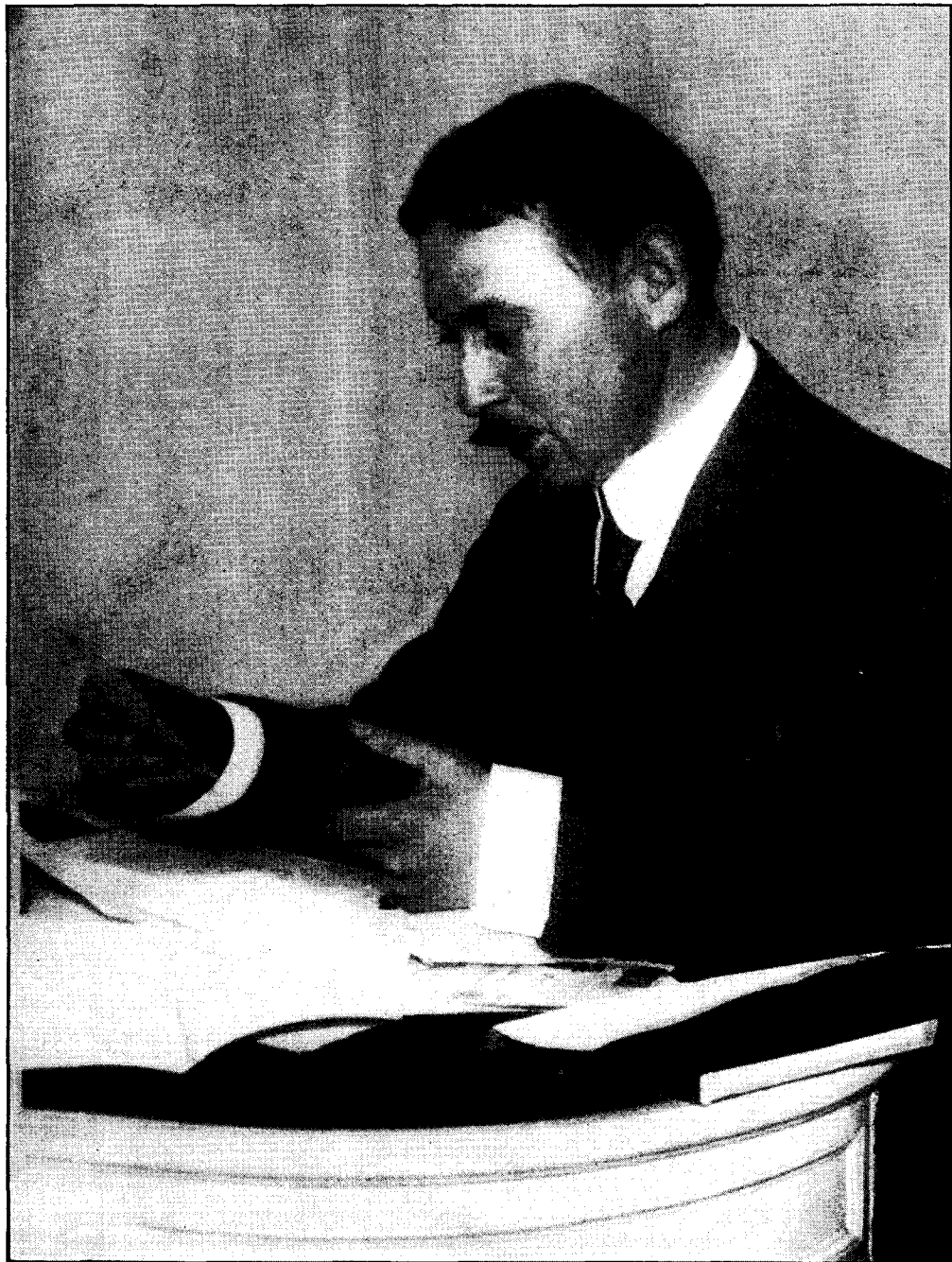


WELL, HAVE YOU NEARLY DONE?



WHO DOES NOT PROTEST IS AN ACCOMPLICE

Current Events Pictorially Treated.



LOUIS RAEMAEKERS, THE FAMOUS DUTCH CARTOONIST

Four cartoons by Mr. Raemaekers are printed on the preceding pages, and an article on "Louis Raemaekers and His War Cartoons," by Lewis R. Freeman, also appears in this issue



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**HENRY MORGENTHAU, UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO TURKEY, ON
HIS RETURN TO THIS COUNTRY**

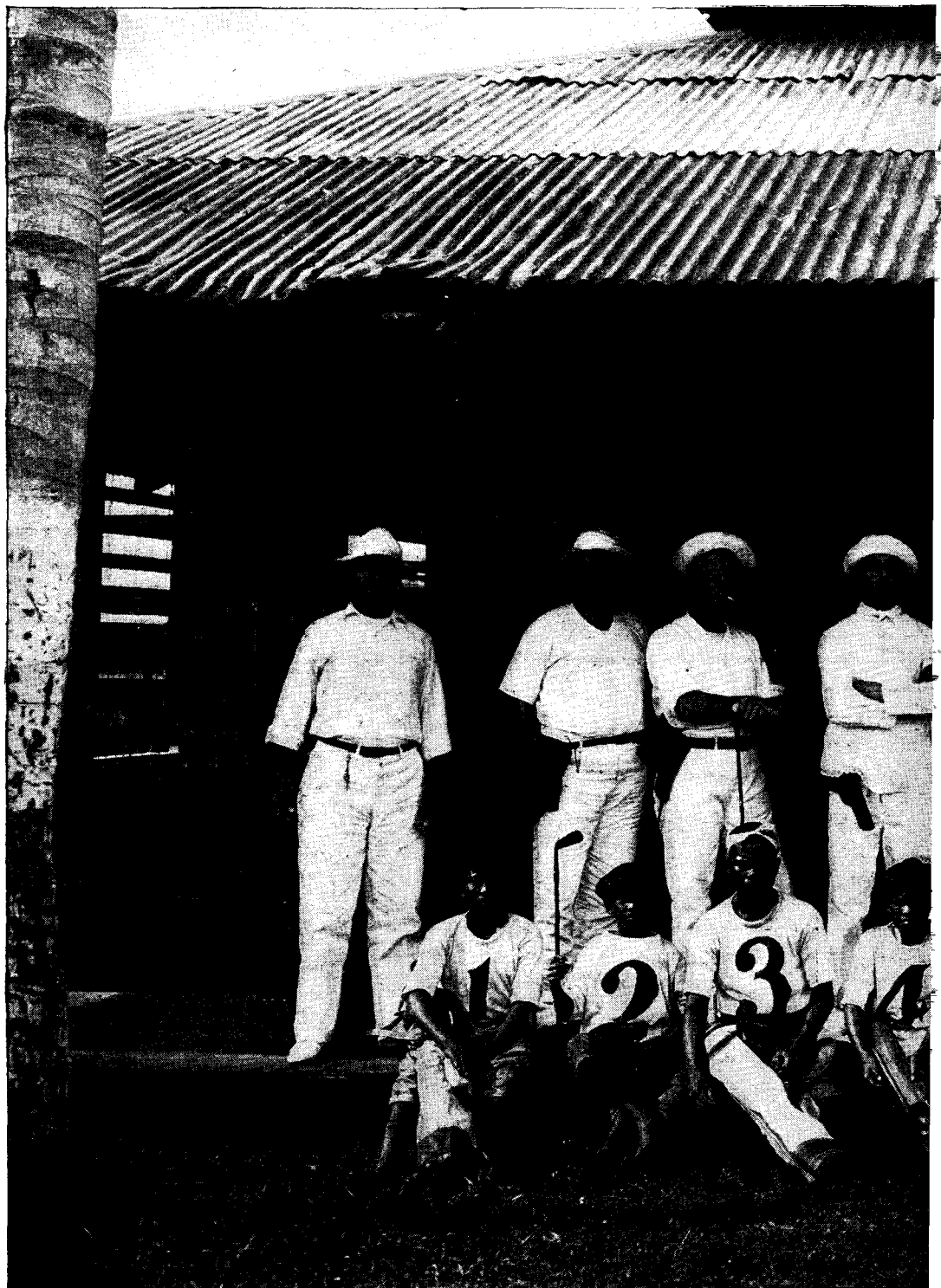
Mr. Morgenthau is at the left, Professor Samuel T. Dutton in the center, and Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge at the right. See editorial comment on Mr. Morgenthau's successful administration of his difficult post during the present eventful period



PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON

COLONEL HOUSE, PRESIDENT WILSON'S SPECIAL
REPRESENTATIVE IN EUROPE

Colonel House has just returned from abroad and made his report to the President on the results of his mission. See editorial comment



GOLF IN THE PHILIPPINES—UNRULY MOROS

A correspondent sends us some interesting photographs which indicate that the game of golf has become not merely a pastime of the club house. Our informant, who is a Government officer, says: "The course is not in very good condition because of the conditions of the Moros, we are compelled to play with 'guns' or under surveillance of a guard furnished by the Government, that some of the players carry revolvers (colloquially "guns") in holsters on their belts."



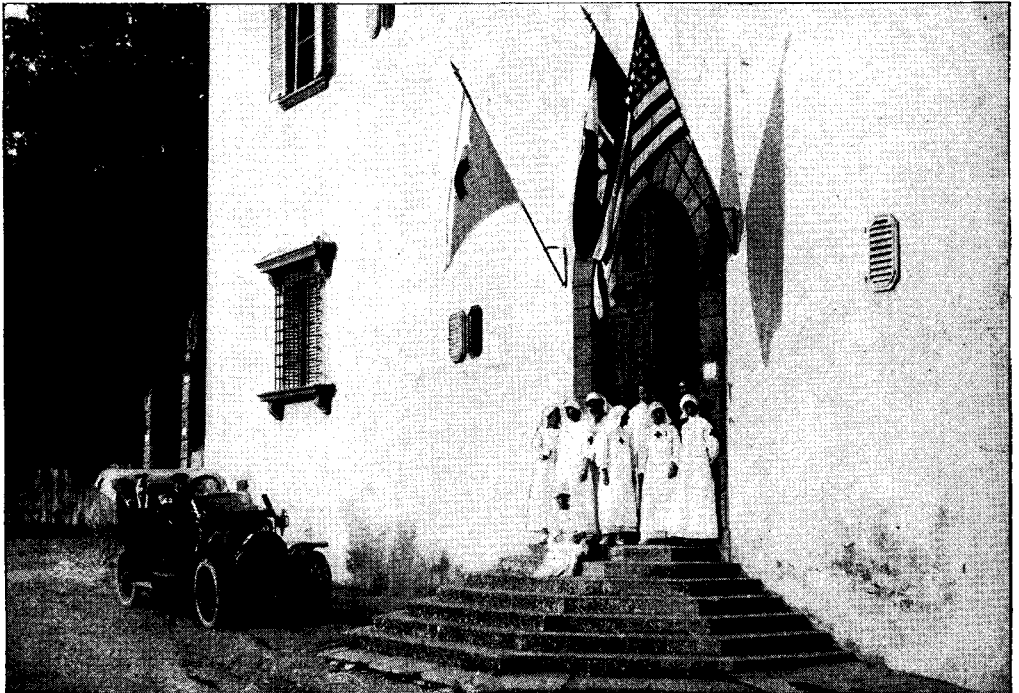
GAME HAZARDOUS FOR AMERICAN PLAYERS

It is not but a harbinger of civilization. The above illustration shows a group of players and native caddies on the steps of a golf course. In the near future we expect to have one of the best courses in the Philippine Islands. Owing to the present unsettled conditions we have twenty-two members, most of whom play every afternoon. Our bogie is 43 and par 36." It will be noticed that the word "bogie," familiar to every golfer, takes on a new meaning under these circumstances.



"CARMEN SYLVA"—THE DOWAGER QUEEN OF RUMANIA

The late Queen Elizabeth of Rumania, whose portrait appears above, and of whom a brief characterization will be found elsewhere, was one of the most gifted of Europe's royal women. She was a musician, an artist, a poet, a novelist, and an accomplished linguist. Her works have been translated into many languages



WAR IMPRESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN

Elsewhere in this issue we print extracts from some remarkable diary letters written by an American woman now working in the war hospitals of France. The upper picture is a photograph of the unnamed writer of these letters standing at the entrance of a picturesque Swiss valley. The lower picture is a group of nurses in front of the American-Italian Hospital at Florence, with which the writer of the letters has been associated in her work for the French Wounded Emergency Fund



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REPRODUCING MUSIC FOR A MILLION HOMES

The picture shows the work of a recording studio in which talking-machine records are being made, which will later be reproduced for use on individual instruments all over the country. The vocalists whose art is being recorded are Lina Cavalieri, the well-known operatic singer, and Lucien Muratore, the Italian tenor. They are singing the "Salut Demeure" from "Faust."

Hughes himself has stated very clearly. "The Supreme Court," he has well said, "must not be dragged into politics, and no man is as essential to his country's well-being as is the unstained integrity of the courts."

So long as Mr. Hughes is a Justice of the Supreme Court it will be improper for him to express his views with regard to the sinking of the *Lusitania*, or the invasion of Belgium, or the modification of international practice so as to admit the attack of submarines upon merchantmen, or the rights of American citizens to travel upon the high seas on non-combatant vessels of foreign nations. He cannot declare his convictions while a member of the Supreme Court on these vital problems, not only because a Judge should be free from the entanglement of political controversy, but because litigation in connection with these very subjects might be brought before him as a Judge.

But it is upon these very questions that the people ought to know the conviction of their Presidential nominees. Abraham Lincoln's convictions with regard to the American Union and to slavery were clearly defined in his debates with Stephen A. Douglas and in his Cooper Union speech before the Republican party chose him as its nominee.

The great crisis through which the American people are now passing may be likened to some extent to that period in which Lincoln was nominated. The people have a right to know what their Presidential candidates stand for on the questions involved in the gigantic European war. If Mr. Hughes is to be nominated by the Republican party, he ought to resign before his nomination and give the people an opportunity to know beforehand what kind of a standard-bearer he will be.

But Mr. Hughes does not want to resign, nor do the people want him to. He is one of the foremost jurists on the bench of the greatest Court in the world. If he resigns in order to announce his political principles, he may conceivably be defeated even if nominated. The American people will then have lost his great constructive abilities on the Supreme Bench and will have had nothing to repay them or him for the sacrifice.

The situation can be stated with almost syllogistic exactness. Before Justice Hughes can be properly nominated he must resign from the Bench; but no possible advantage to this country can justify the sure loss which his present resignation would bring to the Supreme Court and the people at large;

therefore his nomination ought not to be considered.

It is true that the American electorate does not make its nominations to high office on a basis of logic, but we are inclined to think that it will more and more clearly be seen as the convention day approaches that this is the great and almost insuperable difficulty in the way of selecting Mr. Hughes as an opponent to Mr. Wilson.

FIGHT OR FLIGHT

Two books lie on our desk; their contrasted titles illustrate two contrasted views of life:

"The Dread of Responsibility," by Émile Faguet.

"The Inspiration of Responsibility," by Bishop Charles H. Brent.

He who regards responsibility with dread and flees from it is sure to fail.

He who accepts responsibility with courage and is inspired by it is almost sure to succeed.

The French people, says M. Faguet, "want to be irresponsible. They form their idea of law in accordance with this design; they organize and practice their professions to this end; they have a family life governed by this thought; they have a social life controlled by this principle."

The present war demonstrates M. Faguet's error. No people ever met with greater courage a responsibility which they might well have dreaded, which in the outset they might, for the time, have escaped. They furnish a noble example of a great people accepting a great responsibility and inspired by it. Be the issue of this war what it may, the splendid courage of the French people will be to all future generations a splendid rebuke to shirkers, a splendid inspiration to the spirit of national daring.

But M. Faguet's words accurately describe the spirit of the shirker, who dreads responsibility, and therefore flees at the call of duty. Cardinal Newman has finely described this timid, though sometimes conscientious, soul:

"Time was, I shrank from what was right
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight
Because the foe was strong."

Such a soul does little because he dares not at all. He fails in life because he fears to fail.

Antithetical is the spirit of him who is

inspired to act by responsibility ; is called to a difficult and dangerous task by the difficulty and the danger ; who would rather fail than not venture. One feels the thrill of this courage in the words of Bishop Brent :

Let it be said once for all that it is better for both body and soul to be obliged to go hungry sometimes than to be full always ; it is wholesomer to be weary frequently from hard work than to keep on a dead level of comfort, or to know weariness only from the spinning dance and the daily pleasure ; it is cleaner to be dusty and bathed in the blood and sweat of battle than to be so sheltered as not to know the meaning of a hand-to-hand conflict with a real problem or fierce temptation ; it is grander to break the shackles of exclusiveness and walk free in the dingy city of social unpopularity than to be the idol of men and women who do not count for, but rather against, the progress of the race.

Every one of us has at times a call that puts before us this alternative : Dread of Responsibility or Inspiration of Responsibility ? Fight or Flight ? Which shall it be ?

THE "SUPREME COURT OF SPOILS"

The United States is something more than the sum of all its parts. National interest is something more than the sum of all local and personal interests. Indeed, local interests, personal interests, special interests, are constantly interfering with the National interest, blocking the will of the Nation, and even imperiling the Nation's safety.

One of the reasons offered against adequate National defense, against developing the Children's Bureau for the protection and benefit of American children, against the proper development of the railways, the business, the resources of the country, by the Federal Government, is that the Nation is spending too much money already. Where is that money going to ? A large part of it is going, not to the Nation's interest, but to private, local, special interests.

Here are some facts which are presented by a new periodical, "The Searchlight on Congress," which has made it its business to illuminate the acts and ways and habits of Congress.

In the seven days in which it was in session last December, 6,848 bills were introduced. Of these 4,144 were for private pensions. Practically every private pension claim was first presented to the Bureau of

Pensions and rejected. That is one of the purposes for which the Bureau was established—to scrutinize such claims and winnow out the good from the bad. But every one of these claims represents some constituent of some Congressmen, and what the Congressmen do is to pool these claims, so to speak, and agree that they will vote for each other's claims, so that the private interests represented by each Congressman will get the benefit of the private claims of all the others. The sum of these private interests is not the National interest at all. It is against the National interest. The legitimate claims that are in accordance with the National interest have already been passed upon by the Bureau of Pensions. These special interests, rejected by the Bureau of Pensions, ought to be rejected by Congress.

This is not all. Of the remaining 2,704 bills, 1,037—considerably more than a third—were private claim bills. Now, what is true of those pension bills is true of the private claim bills. As there is a Pension Bureau for the pension bills, so there is a Court of Claims which has jurisdiction over private claims against the United States. The decision of this Court of Claims ought to be decisive, for it is established for the purpose of winnowing out the good from the bad. But no ; their decisions are not final. When the Court of Claims rejects a private bill against the Government, some Congressman is likely to take it up because it represents the private interests of some constituent. So these claims are pooled by force of custom, like the pensions, and they go through, and the money goes, not to the National interest, but to special interests that are antagonistic to the National interest.

And of the 1,667 bills left after all these pensions and all these claims are taken care of, there are other bills that are in no sense public bills, but private, "political" bills.

The "Searchlight" declares that of the 6,848 bills there were only 758 that could properly be called public bills ; all the rest were private or "political."

And as this periodical points out, the loss is not only in money, but in time and energy and thought. Ninety per cent of the business of Congress is purely personal and local. From a quarter to two-thirds of the time of Congress is given up to the twelve or fifteen separate appropriation bills which are largely made up of compromise between the demands of special and local interests. It is true, we

have made some gain in this respect with reference to the Rivers and Harbors Bill, but it is only a slight gain.

Meantime the interest of the Nation suffers, and the country has to plead with Congress to give it adequate protection on land and sea. Even when it approaches such a great National question as preparedness and undertakes to provide for the army and the navy of the United States, Congress subordinates National interest to the interests of localities and individuals and groups. As it disregards the decisions of the Pension Bureau and of the Court of Claims, so it disregards the recommendations of the General Staff of the Army and the General Board of the Navy. It spends money needlessly on navy-yards and army posts, because the Senators and Representatives in whose districts these yards and posts lie are influential and want to please their constituents. Against the advice of experts it builds up the militia because every Congressman feels the political pressure of the militiamen in his district.

Congress ought not to allow itself to be what the "Searchlight" calls it, the "Supreme Court of Spoils." It ought to leave to the experts it has chosen these duties of settling private and local claims upon the Treasury. Congress should Nationalize itself. Congress should turn its thoughts and its energies and its money toward the needs of the Nation.

FISHING WITH A WORM

From Izaak Walton down the best of fishing literature has always had a flavor and style peculiar to itself. There seems to be something in the art of fishing which inspires the narrator of its delights and difficulties to speak with the tongues of the philosopher, the poet, and the humorist. Fishing books which deserve the name move with a certain imperturbable dignity. They are alive, they are fluent, and the best of them flash and sparkle like the waters they describe. But, with all their spirit and movement, there is always something about them that calls to mind the quiet reaches of a meadow stream slowly and tranquilly progressing between placid banks overhung at times with the silver leaves of willows and lighted with glancing sunbeams striving to search out its most secret and silent depths.

One of the best of modern fishing books

is Mr. A. G. Bradley's "Clear Waters," published some two years ago. It makes the streams of England as pleasantly familiar as the most neighborly of American waters. Less pretentious in size, yet quite as illuminating in philosophy and spirit, is Professor Bliss Perry's essay on "Fishing with a Worm," recently republished in book form by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Professor Perry's essay is more than a typical illustration of the graceful handling of a familiar theme. He develops a new angle in the many-sided philosophy of fishing. The true philosophy of fishing, most writers have assumed, reaches its highest development in connection with the artificial fly. Yet Professor Perry convinces us that there is little need for the honest fisherman who relies upon nature's handiwork for his bait to doff his hat with anything more than brotherly respect to his fly-fishing neighbor. But the bait fisherman should never permit himself to forget the chief end of worms:

Use a worm if you will, but you must have fish to show for it if you would escape the finger of scorn. If you find yourself camping by an unknown brook, and are deputed to catch the necessary trout for breakfast, it is wiser to choose the surest bait. The crackle of the fish in the frying-pan will atone for any theoretical defect in your method. But to choose the surest bait, and then to bring back no fish, is unforgivable.

Lest his reader should ascribe this somewhat pragmatic philosophy of the natural lure to an innate leaning towards the pot-hunter, Professor Perry continues: "There is no possible defense of pot-hunting, whether it be upon a trout brook or in the stock market. Against fish or men, one should play the game fairly. Yet, for that matter, some of the most skillful fly-fishermen I have known were pot-hunters at heart, and some of the most prosaic-looking merchants were idealists compared to whom Shelley was but a dreaming boy."

In the larger measure, the conflicting philosophies of the fly-fisherman and the man who fishes with the humbler worm can, indeed, be reconciled with so clear an exposition of life as is contained in the Parable of the Talents:

To make the most of dull hours, to make the best of dull people, to like a poor jest better than none, to wear the threadbare coat like a gentleman, to be outvoted with a smile, to hitch your wagon to the old horse if no star is handy—this is the wholesome philosophy taught by

fishing with a worm. . . . But a man should be honest. If he catches most of his fish with a worm, secures the larger portion of his success by commonplace industry, let him glory in it; for this, too, is part of the great game. Yet he ought not in that case to pose as a fly-fisherman only—to carry himself as one aware of the immortalizing camera—to pretend that life is easy if one but knows how to drop a fly into the right ripple. For life is not easy after all is said. It is a long brook to fish, and it needs a stout heart and a wise patience. All the flies there

are in the book and all the bait that can be carried in the box are likely to be needed ere the day is over. But, like the Psalmist's "river of God," this brook is "full of water," and there is plenty of good fishing to be had in it if one is neither afraid nor ashamed of fishing sometimes with a worm.

Professor Perry has found both a sermon and a book in his "running brook" worthy to be read by both fishers of fish and fishers of men.

"THE OUTLOOK" IN THE SENATE

A REFERENCE in the Senate to The Outlook the other day gives us an opportunity for disclaiming infallibility and for telling a story.

On March 4 Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, in a Senatorial debate referred to "a widely circulated statement that Great Britain during the Russo-Japanese War issued a warning to her citizens not to take passage on belligerent merchantmen." He said that the only origin of this statement was in a letter signed by one C. L. Schlens, in the New York "Sun," and that the name of Mr. Schlens did not appear in the New York directory. "Fatherland" reprinted the story, but admitted that it could not confirm it. Senator Lodge continued:

It was repeated in The Outlook in an article by Professor Stowell February 23. The Legislative Reference Division of the Library [of Congress] telegraphed to Professor Stowell and asked him what his documentary authority was. He replied that he had none; that he had simply taken it from the newspapers.

Senator Lodge's statement is itself not quite accurate. The report was not repeated in The Outlook by Professor Stowell, nor did Professor Stowell say that he took it from the newspapers. What happened was this:

There had been discussion not only in Congress, but in the public prints. Germany had, as we all know, sunk peaceful merchant vessels without warning. With some of these vessels Americans have been sent to the bottom of the sea. Some citizens, among them Senators of the United States, urged that Americans yield their rights in the face of Germany's murderous attacks, and even went so far as to advocate the withdrawal of the protection of the Government from those Americans who declined to yield their rights.

Bills to that effect were introduced in Congress by Senator Gore on January 5.

The Outlook thereupon asked Professor Ellery C. Stowell, of Columbia University, a recognized authority on international law, to answer certain questions relating to this issue. These questions were framed for the purpose of presenting the point of view of the ordinary American citizen who has no interest in the technicalities of any kind of law, and for the purpose of getting light on the specific questions currently discussed.

One of these questions, for example, had to do with an alleged French law forbidding any private merchant vessel from carrying guns. This had been cited as an indication that international law did not recognize the right to arm merchant vessels. In propounding this question, The Outlook carefully refrained from asserting that there was such a law, but put the question in the form of a condition:

If France, one of the Allies, has a law which prevents the arming of merchantmen, why should we not be free to adopt it and act on it?

Similarly, another instance had been cited in current discussion as a precedent for forbidding Americans to sail on belligerent merchant vessels. The instance of the French law had been cited in the newspapers, but this instance had been cited on the floor of the Senate. On the day that the Gore Bills were introduced Senator Gore himself declared: "During the Russo-Japanese War Great Britain ordered her subjects not to travel on belligerent ships." ("Congressional Record" of January 5, page 572.) On the same day Senator Owen repeated the statement in these words: "The Government of Great Britain during the Russo-Japanese War warned its citizens to avoid going upon belligerent ships in order to protect the British

Empire from the embarrassment which might ensue from the torpedoing of these boats, and I think the Government of the United States should take some steps to advise its citizens in a formal way to keep them from endangering themselves and from endangering the peace of the United States." ("Congressional Record," January 5, page 582.) Later in the debate, Senator O'Gorman repeated the statement in these words: "Great Britain herself, under similar circumstances, not many years ago, without recognizing any doubt as to the rights of her subjects to travel on the ships of belligerents, nevertheless advised her subjects as a wise, as a prudent, and as a discreet measure to avoid those ships when they could travel on the ships of neutral nations." ("Congressional Record," January 5, page 583.)

These explicit statements by Senators on the floor of the Senate in the discussion of a momentous international subject cannot be considered irresponsible reports, and The Outlook regarded them as worthy of notice. But in framing the question The Outlook carefully refrained from making any statement of fact. As in the case of the French law, The Outlook made its whole question dependent upon an "if." The question and Professor Stowell's answer are as follows:

If Great Britain during the Russo-Japanese War warned her subjects not to travel on belligerent vessels, why should it not be honorable for the American Government to issue a similar warning to American citizens?

Great Britain had in the seas where naval operations were conducted the finest fleet of merchant vessels of any nation, and the warning which she issued to her citizens put them to no inconvenience, but was perhaps a disguised way of increasing the patronage of British liners. Great Britain's action was mostly political. She never would have recognized that she *must* issue such a warning, and the effect upon either belligerent was of trifling importance. It has no bearing on the submarine issue. British subjects traveling in Russian or Japanese vessels were likely to be captured and otherwise inconvenienced. Her warning brought to their attention the inevitable consequences of a state of war and did not in any way diminish the protection which she intended to accord them.

It is a compliment, which we here acknowledge, that The Outlook's hypothetical question, and Mr. Stowell's answer dependent upon the hypothetical question, have been regarded in the Senate as being of more con-

sequence than the allegation of the three Senators themselves. On February 24 the Library of Congress telegraphed to Professor Stowell as follows:

Can you cite British order referred to in Outlook February twenty-three, page four twenty-two? We have not found it in official documents.

A. P. C. GRIFFIN,
Chief Assistant Librarian.

And Professor Stowell answered as follows:

Am investigating source of statement made in the press. My purpose was to discuss the principles, assuming for the sake of discussing the truth of the assertion as made and currently believed. The "if" of the question was intended to convey this. I confess, my remarks seem to accept the assumption as fact. I had no such intention. ELLERY C. STOWELL.

These telegrams have been published in the "Congressional Record" of March 4, together with the following statement by the British Embassy:

Some time last August a statement appeared in the "Fatherland" and other papers to the effect that his Majesty's Government issued a notification at the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War that no protection would be extended to British subjects who took passage on board vessels of either belligerent.

The Embassy inquired of the Foreign Office whether any such notification had been issued, and received the reply that the above statement was not true. The Foreign Office added that they never heard that any consular officer issued such a notice, but that, if he did so, it was contrary to instructions sent to all such officers to abstain from giving advice to merchants or other persons.

It is evident that, as in the case of the French law, so in the case of the alleged British order, Professor Stowell's deductions are true even if the facts are merely hypothetical. What he brought out in his replies was that international law and the consequent rights of American citizens were not affected by the alleged existence either of such a French law or such a British notification. American rights and the duty of the American Government to protect those rights exist quite independently of any orders or laws made by any other nation.

The whole incident has been valuable because it has been the occasion of an official statement from the British Embassy that the British Government has not withdrawn its proverbial protection from British subjects legally traveling in foreign territory.

BROTHER JONATHAN SPEAKS HIS MIND¹

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER RICHMOND

PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE

I

Brother Jonathan dropped in t'other night.
It was snowin' and middlin' cold.
I knowed it was him when I heered his drawl,
And the tromp of his cowhide boots in the hall,
Jes' es well es ef I'd bin told.

II

"I swan!" sez 'ee, a-rubbin' his han's;
"Seems like I'd never git warm.
The snow's a-driftin' up higher an' higher,"
Sez 'ee, as he stood with his back to the fire,
With a coat tail over each arm.

III

'Then I got out the pippins an' cider an' nuts,
An' drewed up gran'ther's cheer,
An' brung in a couple o' hickory logs,
An' piled 'em up on the old fire-dogs
Thet had been there a hundered year.

IV

Then we got to talkin' plain an' free,—
You know the way a feller
Talks when he's kinder off his guard,
An' he gits thawed out, an' the cider's hard,
An' he's feelin' good an' meller.

V

"My cuzzin," sez 'ee, a-takin' a chaw
Of a pippin, an' speakin' slow,
"Kizer Willyum—us kings is all clus kin,
Cuzzins German," sez 'ee, with a kind o' grin—
"It allus hez been so.

VI

"Now this here Willyum, as I was a-sayin',
Ye see, he's kinder young.
An' he's got an idee he's learnt more things
Than all them other emp'rers an' kings
Hez learnt sence the worl' begun.

VII

"An' he got to thinkin' thet Himmel an' him
Mebbe was a-doin' wrong
By poor ol' George an' Nicky an' me,
An' Monsoor, in leavin' us fellers be
In ign'rence, so long.

VIII

"He sez to me one day, sez 'ee,
A-callin' me by name:
'Here I be with all this here kultoor
A-lyin' round, an' you fellers so poor,—
It's a cryin' sin an' shame.

¹ Brother Jonathan expressed his mind, as reported by Dr. Richmond, on other phases of the war in the issue of The Outlook for February 16.

IX

“ ‘I got ter do my dooty,’ sez ‘ee,
 ‘An’ I got an army, too;
 Mebbe you folks’ll be surprised,
 But if this here world gits civilized
 I’ll hev to jam her thru.’

X

“ Well, the highfalootin way he spoke,
 It kinder got me riled.
 An’ George an’ Nick an’ Monsoor an’ me,
 We couldn’t git quit o’ the notion that he
 Was jes’ a morsel sp’iled.

XI

“ So I spoke my min’, an’ p’intedly,
 My dander bein’ up:
 ‘Willyum, we don’t drive wuth a durn.
 We don’t swaller this here kultoor o’ yourn
 No more’n a yaller pup.

XII

“ ‘Yew can’t get all creation skeert
 By shootin’ off a gun.
 As fer changin’ le’pards’ spots an’ sech,
 I hol’ to what the Scripters teach:
 It reely can’t be done.

XIII

“ ‘An Eytalian ain’t an Austrian,
 An’ a Yankee ain’t a Hun,
 A Frenchman ain’t a Roosian,
 Nor a Britisher a Proosian,
 Nor them Turks like any one.

XIV

“ ‘But they all hez got the’r notions
 And hez the right to chuse.
 They runs the’r min’s in diff’rent channels;
 Down to Bosting they wears flannels,
 But ‘tain’t fittin’ fer Zulus.

XV

“ ‘Mebbe I’ve been misjedgin’ ye,
 But this frightfulness o’ yourn,
 An’ blood an’ iron bein’ boss,
 It’s bettin’ on a losin’ hoss,
 ‘That’s gospel—sure’s yer born.

XVI

“ ‘The world ain’t all ag’in ye, boy,
 We ain’t crowdin’ ye to the wall.
 Yit, Willyum, this here liberty
 Thet’s good fer you, is good fer me,
 An’ ekel good fer all.

XVII

“ ‘You’ve got yer p’int. I used to love
 To hear ye sing them songs.
 Seems tho’ I’d give mos’ anything

To see ye soften up an' sing
'Ste'd o' broodin' on yer wrongs.'

XVIII

"Wall," sez Jonathan, "it's strikin' ten.
Guess I bin talkin' sum."
He tuk one more pull at the jug. "Gee whiz!"
Sez 'ee; "I reckon I'll be 'most friz
Afore I git down hum."

XIX

I seed him make the turn in the road,
A-ploddin' thru the snow.
"Seems like ye allus had to fight
To keep from fightin'—I guess he's right,"
Sez I. "Wall—I dunno!"

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

OPPORTUNITY

THREE elements combine in successful achievement: opportunity, equipment, courage. A few persons go through life unsuccessfully because they have no opportunities, more because they have no equipment, a great many because, with opportunity and equipment, they lack courage.

Edward Livingston Trudeau, a boy of seventeen, nursed his brother through the latter's fatal illness from consumption, then not known to be contagious, caught from him the seeds of the dread disease, and eighteen years after exiled himself to the Adirondacks, "not at all," he writes, "because I thought the climate would be beneficial in any way, for the Adirondacks were then visited only by hunters and fishermen and it was looked upon as a rough, inaccessible region and considered a most inclement and trying climate." But the hunting, fishing, and free wild life of the wilderness appealed to him. "If I had but a short time to live, I yearned for surroundings that appealed to me, and it seemed to meet a longing I had for rest and the peace of the great wilderness."

While he was there Koch's discovery that tuberculosis is due to a death-dealing germ in the human body was published. Dr. Trudeau saw in this discovery a possible opportunity to fight this dread disease, and was inspired with the purpose to undertake

the fight by his brother's untimely death, his own illness, and his sympathy with thousands of patients similarly affected. His equipment for this audacious attempt was very slight. His medical education had consisted of three years in an American medical college and six months in a hospital. He had no laboratory experience, no knowledge of the use of the microscope, and no money to fit up a proper laboratory for his studies in the Adirondacks. He thus pictures the beginning of the Saranac Laboratory for the Study of Tuberculosis:

As I can remember to-day just how the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium looked when it first began its humble career, I can see equally clearly the room opening from my little office, which was really the beginning of the Saranac Laboratory for the Study of Tuberculosis. One side of this room was occupied by a long, high, stationary shelf-table set against the wall under three little half-windows, with shelves underneath the table for glassware, a dry and a steam sterilizer, an oil stove, etc. A little home-made thermostat heated by a minute kerosene lamp, without any regulating apparatus, stood on a bracket-shelf next to a sink for washing glassware. This sink was as primitive as the thermostat, as there was no running water in Saranac Lake in those days. At one end on a broad shelf stood a big pail with a dipper, and this supplied the water (there was of course no hot water), and the waste from the sink was carried off by a leaden pipe which led to a big pail on the floor, this pail being emptied out of doors when necessary. At the other window was a small

table with my microscope on it, some bottles of stains, and slides in boxes. By the side of this stood a shelf of books, on top of which was always Mr. Lea's precious translation of Koch's paper, to which the Saranac Laboratory has owed its existence.¹

Out of this humble beginning have grown the great Adirondack Sanitarium and the splendid campaign carried on throughout the United States against the White Plague. A great opportunity, a meager equipment, and a great heart of courage—and behold the result.

There have been many men in the world better equipped for such a campaign, but there was only one Dr. Trudeau; many women in the Civil War better equipped for nursing, but only one Clara Barton; many men at the end of that war better equipped for the education and moral emancipation of the Negro race, but only one Booker Washington. Most of us have had many more advantages than we have taken advantage of. We have passed doors of opportunity; sometimes we have not seen them, sometimes have felt ourselves unequipped to enter them, many times have not had the courage to make the venture.

In 1776 our fathers launched on this continent a new Nation "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." They confronted a great opportunity. In all nations the common people were governed by their superiors, sometimes justly, sometimes unjustly, sometimes well, sometimes badly. Our fathers had an opportunity to build a nation based on self-government. Not on the government of the inferior classes by the superior class, but on the government of the inferior in each man by the superior in that man. To launch this experiment required an audacious courage. Our fathers possessed such courage. Without an army they issued their challenge to what was then the greatest empire in the world. That courage won for them a friend in the beginning of their campaign and victory at the end. A great opportunity, a meager equipment, an audacious courage—and victory.

A little over a quarter of a century later this Nation, still in its infancy, was denied the freedom of the seas. With no navy our fathers challenged the greatest navy in the

world and won for themselves and for all humanity that freedom which had been denied them.

Half a century passed. Slavery, imposed upon us in our nursery, had grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. A free air is always fatal to despotism. Slavery denied to the people of the United States the rights of free speech, free press, free mails, free assembly. Cotton was king; the two great political parties were its humble servants; commerce sought its favor and did its bidding; the Church was paralyzed and dumb. A small body of men, inspired by love of liberty for themselves and for their fellow-men, inspired by an audacity which dared everything but acquiescence in dishonor, began the anti-slavery campaign. With inadequate equipment, first by agitation, then by the most momentous civil war of history, that generation of Americans won for this country the right of all its people to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Eighteen months ago, in the midst of peace, broke forth the horrible flame of war. The fundamental rights of man were denied by the armed specter of militarism—the right of a small nation to live; the right to have national treaties respected; the right of peaceful people to sail undisturbed across the sea under the white flag of commerce; the right of men to work in their fields; the right of women to nurse their children in unfortified villages. What, under these circumstances, was our opportunity as the greatest, wealthiest, and most influential neutral nation on the globe? We had a duty to protect the rights of Americans on land and on sea, at home and abroad, and to provide ourselves with an army and a navy adequate to fulfill that duty. But this was not all. God flung open the door of a great opportunity to America—the opportunity to stand not merely for American rights, not merely for neutral rights, but for the right of men and women to pursue their peaceful vocations without fear of attack from swimming monsters in the deep or flying monsters in the air. The peace-loving nations of the globe, the peace-loving peoples in the lands at war, have looked to America for leadership. If we have failed in that leadership, it is not for want of opportunity nor for want of equipment, but for want of courage.

For individuals, as for nations, three elements are necessary to successful achievement: opportunity, equipment, courage. The opportunity and the equipment have

¹ From "An Autobiography," by Edward Livingston Trudeau, M.D. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. \$2.

been given to us. If we are to fill out the record of our fathers, we must find the courage for ourselves.

The question is much discussed in America whether the Church is losing its power. I confess that it humiliates me as a Christian that the question should even be asked.

Certainly the Church has not lost its opportunity. In the first century Christian missionaries had to go from Palestine into foreign lands. In the twentieth century the inhabitants of foreign lands migrate to Christian America. Men of all lands, all races, all languages, and all religions and forms of irreligion have flocked to our shores. They have come to a land of free speech, and have brought with them open minds. There is no proposition which they are not willing to consider. They will listen to any apostle who will listen to them. The Roman Catholic will discuss with the Protestant, the Jew with the Christian, the Socialist with the Individualist.

We Christians profess to believe that nineteen centuries ago the Redeemer of the world appeared; that he has given to us

the secret of life; that we have in his spirit the medicine which will cure industrial unrest, unite in one brotherhood all the families of the earth, and expel from our hearts the fever of greed and ambition which threatens us with death. They who profess to hold this faith are greater in numbers, wealth, intelligence, and material equipment than they ever were before in the history of the world. And we get together and discuss the question whether the Church is losing its power! If our power is oozing away, it is because our courage is oozing away, because we no longer have the faith which "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

Opportunity, equipment, courage: these three combined are the secret of great achievement. Of these three courage is chiefest, because courage will open the door of opportunity and create the equipment, but neither opportunity nor equipment offers any hope to the coward.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

THE GRAND DUKE IN THE CAUCASUS

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE recent successes of the Russian armies in Armenia and Turkey under the Grand Duke Nicholas lend timeliness to a communication which we have just received from a special correspondent of *The Outlook* in Tiflis, Russian Caucasasia. The writer, an American in whose judgment we have confidence, but who prefers to remain anonymous, has had much opportunity to see what is going on behind Russia's latest drive.

Our correspondent begins with a description of an interview which he and other foreigners had with Nicholas Nicholaievitch, in which his impressions of the Grand Duke coincide with those given in an article in *The Outlook* last week. Our correspondent writes:

"He [the Grand Duke] immediately arose from his chair and came striding toward us with very warm words of greeting. As he approached we could not but remark his striking appearance. He is well over six feet, erect and straight as a ramrod, and dressed as he was in a long Circassian uni-

form coat, he towered head and shoulders over us all. His greeting of us was most cordial. He not only rose at our entrance, but came almost to the door to meet us, shaking hands most warmly with each one of us.

"I had been given the impression that he was rather a hard man to meet, very shy and reserved in his manner, and quite difficult to talk with. Such was certainly not my experience with him, for he immediately put us at our ease, making us feel that he not only knew of our coming, but had interested himself in the details and purpose of it as well. His first question was as to our journey, especially asking about the sea and the dangers from submarines. . . . He is a man that keeps abreast of the times, and during our short interview, in his numerous questions he showed clearly that he was well informed as to matters relating to refugees and the work we had come to do. . . . The matter of engaging in relief work among the Armenians he had evidently discussed pre-

viously with other officials, and expressed himself as being very grateful to the American public for their interest in the distressed Armenian people, and for their practical sympathy and help. He offered us all the facilities the Government could place at our disposal.

"As I look back at the interview, my impressions are of a man big both physically and mentally, but not only big—strong as well. His frame suggests great bodily strength and endurance, and the lines in his face indicate firmness of will and character. He is thoroughly and intensely Russian in all his ways and feelings, a thorough patriot, and an absolutely honest man in all his dealings. Those who are close to him and know him well all agree as to his straightforward honesty and his intense patriotism. He is very quick and nervous in his movements, active in the extreme, and alive to every new phase of a situation. Those whom he meets and who visit him are often shown little acts of thoughtfulness that rather surprise one, coming from such a quarter. For instance, there were in this city over Christmas some English ladies connected with the Red Cross. The Grand Duke, knowing of their presence, invited them for lunch on Christmas Day, and then had them sent for their dinner a plum pudding from the Imperial kitchen, with a large bunch of mistletoe and holly.

"While he is a strict disciplinarian, he is nevertheless kind and sympathetic in his manner. He is keenly interested in sports, shooting being his special hobby, and he has a very fine collection of animals that have fallen to his gun. His coming here has had the effect of putting new life and vigor into the Caucasian campaign, and has put the General Staff of the Caucasus on a thoroughly business basis. An officer remarked to me recently that the Grand Duke had infused more action and life into the army in the past few months than had been done in the whole course of the war. On arriving in Tiflis, he found that there were a great many high officials and officers running the war from the office of the headquarters here. This did not exactly coincide with his views, . . . and in consequence there are now far fewer generals and other officers seen on the streets of Tiflis than formerly, the Grand Duke's belief being that the front is the place to fight the enemy. He has thoroughly reorganized the General Staff, and, whereas

before there seemed to be more or less of a question as to the next move, now a general plan is being worked out and adhered to. The Russian armies on the Turkish frontier have been greatly strengthened, and troops are constantly passing through on their way to Persia or Turkey. . . . The line that Russia holds on this frontier is an enormously long one. . . . The Grand Duke is Commander-in-Chief of the forces on this whole line, as well as being Viceroy of the Caucasus, and his task is by no means a light one. It is a problem calculated to tax the energies and abilities of the ablest. Many think it was no mistake to bring him down from the front in Poland to this region. . . . It is the opinion of all that not many months will elapse before we shall see movements on a large scale inaugurated. Now that Germany has the road open to Constantinople, it is believed that she will make an attempt on the Caucasus.

"Not only are troops being massed in expectation of this, but large hospitals are being equipped and prepared in expectation of heavy work. As far as it is possible to judge from what one hears and sees, there seems to be a considerable feeling of pessimism regarding this expected drive of Germany's, and in some quarters, even in high circles, not any too great a degree of confidence regarding the ultimate outcome of the war.

"The Grand Duke, however, is a man who can be counted on for quick action in any emergency, and is quite the man for the difficult job of holding down the Caucasus, for it must be remembered that not only has he the armies in Turkey and northern and southern Persia under his care, but that he has here in the Caucasus a Moslem population of over 4,000,000 who are all too keenly interested in Turkish participation in the war. Success for Turkey would develop a situation here extremely critical, and one fraught with tremendous importance to the whole future course of the war. It is this question that makes people feel that Germany's next move will be here. We hope that may not be, for it would be a sad thing to have Turkish and Kurdish hordes let loose up into these smiling valleys and on these prosperous villages."

Our correspondent's judgment of the Grand Duke has been amply vindicated since this was written by that commander's capture of Erzerum and the rout of the Turkish armies in that vicinity.

LOUIS RAEMAEKERS AND HIS WAR CARTOONS¹

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

"IT will be a pity," wrote an English journalist after visiting an exhibition of Louis Raemaekers's war cartoons in London, "if neutral nations should not have the benefit of seeing the shafts that have penetrated the hide of even German self-satisfaction. Ridicule is a powerful weapon, and may reach much further than even the biggest of big guns."

The report that arrangements are being made for the exhibition in New York of a number of the most notable war cartoons of this now famous Dutch artist awakens the hope that the United States, the one neutral that most needs their galvanic influence, may yet be prodded out of a self-centered aloofness that has never once failed to shock and dismay every American returning home from Europe since the outbreak of the war.

"Your country's lack of interest, lack of sympathy, lack of understanding, of the war were, to me, almost tragic," a Frenchman who had been on duty at the Pan-American Exposition recently said to the writer in Paris, "and I suppose the lack of interest and sympathy—and a lack of responsibility as well—are directly due to the lack of understanding. I wonder if you ever will understand?"

It is, indeed, understanding that we need, and, this being the case, perhaps nothing could be better for us at this time than a chance to study Raemaekers's cartoons. They it was, scarcely less than the swarms of Belgian refugees and the mounting casualty lists, that brought England to a broader understanding of the meaning of the war, and they it may be that will avert the tragedy of a continuance of the mental aloofness and careless irresponsibility which, save for our easy charities to Belgium and Serbia, have characterized the attitude of America as a nation from the very outbreak of the great European struggle.

At the beginning of the war Louis Raemaekers was an illustrator of books, and up to that time was known, even in his own coun-

try, only as a very clever artist. The warmth of his sympathy for Belgium and his flaming indignation at the way the cant of *Kultur* had been invoked by the Germans to condone what had happened there drew him at once into the campaign which Schroeder, of the Amsterdam "Telegraaf," inaugurated against the weak-kneed and guilder-seeking neutrality of Holland. The following extract from an editorial in the "Telegraaf" explains something of the nature of the dragon which these two Dutch knights set out to slay:

"We shall not cease to combat a Government (and an accessory press) which, under the mask of a dignified neutrality, provides Germany, by an indefensible export policy, with the most necessary provisions, thereby placing her in a state to continue the conflict, and committing treason, not only to its own Fatherland, but also to the cause of humanity, which, by a powerful, morally elevated Government, would be served in a wholly different way."

Raemaekers's quick wit, ready sympathy, and keen human insight, together with his fluent draughtsmanship, gave him an ideal accouterment for his "quarrel just," and before a year of the war was over he was being acclaimed as the first cartoonist of his time. Germany, aghast at the impression his facile drawings were making upon neutral opinion, first tried to buy his inactivity, then to palsy his pencil hand by threats, and finally put the price of 12,000 marks upon his head, which rather cheap appraisal of the harm Raemaekers was doing the Teutonic cause still stands.

But, despite the notice attracted to Raemaekers in Holland by the undaunted way in which he had torn the mask from the face of Kaiserism for the benefit of his own people, the flood tide of his fame was not reached until the fall of 1915, when he opened a modest exhibition of his work in London. The metropolis welcomed him, kindly but quietly, as "the man whom the Huns fear most." Then it went to see his cartoons, paused, gulped once or twice, and finally, with twitching fingers and compressed lips,

¹ See cartoons by Mr. Raemaekers, with portrait of the artist, elsewhere in this issue.

went home to think. At the end of a week it arose and, with very un-British unreserve, thunderously hailed the visitor as "the man who was teaching England to understand the war."

I will never forget the look of mingled horror and enlightenment in the face of the editor of one of London's most prominent weeklies whom he met in a New Bond Street gallery on the opening day of the Raemaekers exhibition.

"By heavens, sir," he said, huskily, "I never knew what the war meant before—never knew where the line was drawn, what we were fighting for. It has taken these drawings to teach me, and I am going to make it my duty to see that the lesson is passed on to every Englishman in these islands." The following Saturday his paper contained an announcement that it had been arranged that Raemaekers would henceforward draw an original cartoon for each issue for the duration of the war, while this extract from an editorial will give some idea of the way the lesson of the great Dutchman's cartoons was sinking home to every man that saw them:

"These pictures, with their haunting sense of beauty and their biting satire, might almost have been drawn by the finger of the Accusing Angel. As the spectator gazes upon them the full weight of the horrible cruelty and senseless futility of war overwhelms the soul, and, sinking helplessly beneath it, he feels inclined to assume the same attitude of despair as is shown in the cartoon entitled 'Christendom after Twenty Centuries.' Never, so long as these pictures endure, will the punishment of Germany cease for her crimes against Belgium first and foremost, but also for her studied brutality against women and children. . . . The great achievement of the genius of this Dutch artist lies in his power to demonstrate to his fellow-creatures war in its entirety, and not only one small part of it. The great majority will leave this exhibition with an entirely new sense of the hackneyed Teuton phrase: *Krieg ist Krieg*. They will come away saddened and depressed, and yet with a new determination to do whatever lies within their power to prevent any return of even the temporary triumph of Prussian militarism and all that it stands for and represents. That is a great gain. Only when the general or popular conscience is touched can we hope for the certainty of peace, which will be a peace in very

truth, and not a mere truce to enable Prussia to rearm herself and to renew that manhood which she has wasted so prodigally."

But while there is no doubt that the general effect of the Raemaekers cartoons in helping to make Great Britain understand what it is fighting for and against has been to stiffen the British resolve, one could not make a greater mistake than to imagine that the great Dutchman is a militarist. He hates war and all that goes in its train; indeed, as some one wrote in England, "no man living among these surging seas of blood and tears comes nearer to the rôle of Peacemaker than he." But the peace that he works for is not a matter of arrangement between diplomatists and politicians, of belligerent and friendly nations; it is the peace which the intelligence and soul of the Western world shall insist on in the years to come.

In one of Raemaekers's cartoons, entitled "The Hostages," a wide-eyed Belgian child asks the question, "Father, what have we done?" And "What have we done?" is the question that will arise in the mind of every person who sees these cartoons. Then, in natural sequence, will arise the question, "What must we do to prevent forever the possibility of a recurrence of this horror?" "Crush militarism—Prussianism," Britain answered, and forthwith began to gird for the mighty task. America will doubtless answer in somewhat different words, but if the lesson of the Raemaekers cartoons sinks home on this side of the water their import will be the same. Then, and not till then, will there be a foundation upon which to build for future peace.

So far, Raemaekers's greatest achievement has been the bringing of the true meaning of the war home to England. Can he do as much for America? We can only hope and wait. Aloof and self-centered, we have hardly yet even groped for the light toward which England had been struggling for a year when Raemaekers appeared with his torch. Possibly in our own case the Dutchman's gall-tipped pencil could be better employed as a prod than as a torch. But one thing is certain—unless we develop a "will for the truth," a National conscience in international affairs, and a willingness to shoulder our own obligations, come what may, it is not likely that we will be either led or driven very far out of the slough of aloofness in which we have allowed ourselves to flounder ever since the outbreak of the war.

THE PRE-NOMINATION CAMPAIGN

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

SHALL IT BE HUGHES?

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

I REMEMBER those fighting years of Governor Hughes in the State of New York with a vividness which is the result of near and deep impression. In my graduate days in political science at Columbia University I found some of the ablest instructors in America. They were entirely familiar with the history of political theory, with the thought of Plato in his "Republic," of Aristotle in his "Politics," and with the contrasted political method of Machiavelli and Savonarola. They were not mere book-worms, either. They were closely in touch with the great civic-betterment projects of our time. But they had had little experience in the practical laboratory of American politics, where William Barnes and Charles F. Murphy handle the test tubes and promote the reactions. They had not had a look behind the scenes. And I was sure that I would never understand the primary causes of political movements in the United States until I took a real laboratory course. The way opened for me to go to Albany as a member of the Senate, and I went. And there I met Governor Hughes.

It was a gigantic battle between Hughes and public opinion on the one hand, and allied bosses employing the machinery of the political system on the other. Whether you watched it from the side-lines or were a part of it, it was a gigantic struggle and fraught with meaning to the future of America. The foes of the Governor tried subtlety, bludgeonry, ridicule. They dubbed him "Charles the Baptist" and pointed to his whiskers. In common with his friends, they bore aloft the "We are for Hughes" legend at the Chicago Convention of 1908. Those implacable foes of his were for Hughes all right, between the fourth and fifth vertebrae, whether for the Presidency or for renomination to the Governorship! But day by day the Governor grew in strength with the people of the State and in favor with the Nation. His administration was not without its defects, but it was mighty in its virtues. The people of New York realized at once that they had a big and real man in elected ruler-

ship over them. And their confidence grew apace. He had a marvelous mental equipment and a singleness of intention. He was devoted to the public interest and not to any private interest. He was a man of great firmness in carrying out the ideas and principles in which he believed. He leaned over backwards against his own predilections or emotions. His law partner or closest lieutenant or friend stood less chance of getting from Hughes what he asked for in the way even of harmless favor than a neutral would or even an opponent. This quality aroused antagonism with two classes, those who are always "out for the stuff" and those honest organization men who saw in it the breaking down of the economic and social bonds of patronage solidarity. But it did not interfere with his standing with the people.

He revealed a marvelous capacity for work and a statesmanlike vision which appealed to the imagination of the whole country. In the light and heat of his personality, and often without any direct intention of his own, illuminations with respect to their own political degradation flashed again and again upon the mind and conscience of the people of his State. When, worn white with the difficulties and discouragements of his long struggle, he went away suddenly to the Supreme Court at Washington, the citizenship of New York knew that it had had nearly four years of refreshing political experience under a great Governor, and the country at large realized that a big man had appeared on the horizon of the Nation.

I hear men say frequently nowadays that the American people have ceased to think; that they are in a soporific, safety-first state of civic coma, or else are stunned by the magnitude of the great war and appalled by the possibilities of National disaster. But I am sure that the American people have reflected deeply and have come to an unalterable conclusion about one thing. And it has an important bearing upon the course of the Presidential campaign. The American people value the highest type of leadership in the Presidency as they never

valued it before. Usually, in this country, the political machines have sought comparative weakness and mediocrity in candidates for responsible office. That makes it easier for invisible power to control the course of National progress. But one thing is already settled in the sifting of candidates for the Presidency. No second-raters need apply. If he lives in health, the only possible nominee of the Democrats is Mr. Wilson. And as for the Republicans, the judgment of the country has already narrowed to three personalities, Charles E. Hughes, Elihu Root, and Theodore Roosevelt. Pilotship of the first order in the present current of affairs the country is bound to have. And the only tried men of intellectual and moral stature to meet the emergency among the Republicans are Hughes, Root, and Roosevelt. And it is not simply the pressure of the crisis of the war. The sentiment of the United States has for years been growing towards the highest type of leadership in the National Executive. And the day has gone by when a political machine, for its own purposes, can foist mediocrity upon the Presidency. The National Government has become so complex, the intellectual and moral burden of it so tremendous, that there is no room nor safety longer for any but the finest and the most thoroughly tested leadership in the Presidential office.

The instinct of the United States in this matter is likewise reflected abroad in these portentous words of James Bryce in his recent presidential address to the British Academy :

Sometimes one feels as if modern states were growing too huge for the men to whom their fortunes are committed. Mankind increases in volume, in accumulated knowledge, and in the comprehension of the forces of nature, but the intellects of individual men do not grow. The disproportion between the individual ruling men with their personal prejudices and proclivities, their selfish interests and their vanities, and the immeasurable consequences which follow their individual volitions, becomes more striking and more tragic. . . . A great modern state is like a gigantic vessel built without water-tight compartments, which, if it be unskillfully steered, may perish when it strikes a single rock.

Mr. Bryce unquestionably had the European war in mind. But what he had to say applies as well when the war is over. For, whether in business or in government, it is the whole intricacy and complexity of modern civilization which is likely to cave in on us, if we do not give heed. If average incompe-

tence allows itself to continue to be suspicious of competence, if it permits itself to be misled by designing men into the choice of incompetence in public affairs, if incompetence refuses to select the highest intellectual and moral competence to rule over it, then the end of democracy is not far off. The job at the top is too big for mediocrity.

Shall it be Hughes? It is easy to see why his name will not down. His character and power are established in the record of his career. The circumstance of his judicial detachment from political strife and faction since 1910 adds to his availability in the minds of many politicians and cautious voters. The fact that his current political views are not definitely known makes him less subject to political attack from the opposition. His National views in the past are known. In January, 1908, he sent a letter to the Chairman of the Republican Club Committee of the city of New York which had been appointed to work for Hughes delegates for the Presidency in that year. And while he clearly said that he did not desire to be an active candidate in the sense of canvassing for delegates, he did declare frankly his recognition of "the great honor which the nomination would confer" as well as "the obligation of service which it would impose." "And the matter is one," said he, "for the party to decide, and, whatever its decision, I shall be content." And on the 31st of that month, in response to an invitation, he addressed the Republican Club in declaration of his views upon National policy. It was a strong, conservative declaration. "We must be patient, impartial, thorough. Good will must displace passion. Investigation must precede action." His tribute to the Roosevelt Administration drew tumultuous applause. He declared himself a protectionist, but affirmed that the tariff must be for the benefit of the wage-earner and to safeguard a higher standard of living, and must not be used as "a cover for exorbitant rates or for obtaining special privileges from the Government." Those who were near him when Taft blundered into signing the Payne-Aldrich Bill have no doubt about what Hughes would have done under similar circumstances. In the Republican Club speech he declared that he was opposed to the fining of corporations for violation of the law and believed in imprisonment for guilt. He pleaded for sure foundations for National credit in opposition to financial vagaries. He demanded

efficiency of administration. He was against every attempt to make the Government an instrument for selfish purposes. He declared for preparedness. "We are devoted," said he, "to the interests of peace, and cherish no policy of aggression." But "it is entirely consistent with these aims, and it is our duty, to make adequate provision for our defense and to maintain the efficiency of our army and navy." And then there came that first flash of Nationalism, for which in the Supreme Court Hughes's opinions have become notable in the direction of extending the scope of the inter-State commerce clause. He did not disguise the benefits of the greatest reasonable measure of local autonomy; but, "on the other hand, it cannot be regarded as a policy of unwise centralization that, wherever there is a serious evil, demanding Governmental regulation, which afflicts inter-State commerce, and hence is beyond the control of the States, the power of Congress should unhesitatingly be exercised."

And when Mr. Taft was nominated and the contest was on, at Youngstown and elsewhere in the Middle West Governor Hughes dealt such sturdy blows at the "trust-busting" remedies of Mr. Bryan that they have not ceased to resound even until this day. First the weapon of satire: "We find ourselves journeying in a land of dreams. Again the magician of 1896 waves his wand. At a stroke difficulties disappear, and the complex problems of modern business are forgotten in the fascination of the simple panacea." And then the scalpel of analysis and criticism. Bryan would break up interlocking directorships. Better far, urged Hughes, to break up interlocking stockholdings. Directors are dummies. Bryan's plan of prohibiting the control by a corporation "of more than fifty per cent of the total amount of any product consumed in the United States" Hughes characterized as "a delusion of ratio." What about those commodities "in which the skill and initiative of manufacturers has built up a more or less exclusive trade in particular articles, which are, nevertheless, in active competition with other articles designed for the same general purpose and seeking the same market?" "What system of danger signals would help the manufacturer to know when he was about to exceed the prescribed ratio?" What about patented articles? Would Bryan repeal the patent laws or put them upon a fifty per cent basis? Governor Hughes derided "the utter disregard of the facts of business and the

substitution of the fantasies of imagination for the realities of life." And the country rang with applause at the force of his reasoning and the rapier-like thrust of his mind.

So I say it cannot be urged that he is an unknown, that the country cannot tell what general path his convictions would take in National affairs. It is not possible to conceive Hughes in a position of responsibility and then as going off on a tangent. He would do the sane thing. Even what is unknown about him, at least from the politician's standpoint, makes him available. He is not open to attack. He has the mark neither of the pacifist nor of the advocate of preparedness. Neither side can shout, "This fellow is a traitor to his country." He is on the bench. He need not speak. And he is entirely outside the realm of controversy. This is the practical view-point now urged by many enlightened politicians.

It was in the Youngstown speech that Hughes gave his first public intimation of the great respect in which he held the Supreme Court of the country. In urging Mr. Taft upon the electorate, he commented upon the fact that the next President would appoint at least four judges of the Supreme Court. That Court, under our system, stands apart, said he, above the President, above Congress, above the Constitution. "Congress may pass laws, but the Supreme Court interprets and construes them and determines their validity. The Constitution, with its guarantees of liberty and its grants of Federal power, is finally what the Supreme Court determines it to mean. Upon the learning, wisdom, and character of the judges of the Supreme Court rests not merely the just determination of the matters of private right which come before that august tribunal, but to a very large degree the course of our political history and the development and security of our institutions."

And it is evident that in the midst of the great pressure which has for the last year been unceasingly brought to bear upon him, it is his respect for and loyalty to the Supreme Court of the country, his ideal about it, and his deep affection for it, which have given him pause and which have led him to turn aside every suggestion of his candidacy for the Presidency.

And no one need doubt that it is a conviction which has its roots deep in his nature and in his reasoned thinking. It is not merely humorously that he is quoted as having said

that he has "taken the veil." Nobody ever entered upon the work of that Court with a more profound sense of moral earnestness about it than he. In a collection of Hughesiana in one of the public libraries of the State I came upon a statement of his while he was still Governor and after he had accepted Mr. Taft's invitation to the Supreme Bench: "I do not believe that there is anything which now appears which I could really do which would be more worth while than to devote myself unreservedly and fully for the rest of my life to the work of that Court."

But there is still more solemn evidence of the depth of his feeling and purpose. On the 20th of June, 1912, while the Republican Convention was staggering to its fall and was groping for a candidate like Justice Hughes to save, if possible, the party from disaster, Rabbi Wise, of New York, issued a signed statement which was sent out by the Associated Press to every part of the Union. The Rabbi was at that time a friend and neighbor of Justice Hughes on Lake Placid. He had had a conference with him in the afternoon. He declared that what he was about to say was authoritative, that it was from Hughes, except that he had, until the final question and answer, endeavored to avoid using the exact words of the Justice. "The question," said Rabbi Wise, "which Justice Hughes has asked and answered for himself is this: 'Is it right that I should permit my name to be used?' His answer has been, 'No.' It is the reasoned and unalterable decision of an unbending conscience." "The decision"—not to be a candidate—"will be reaffirmed as final and irrevocable even in the event of the Chicago Convention now assembled nominating Justice Hughes for the Presidency. It is no little thing to say, but I may say that he would decline the nomination if tendered him. Why? The Supreme Court must not be dragged into politics. A judge of the Supreme Court ought not to be available, though he be nominally eligible for elective office." And the reasons attributed to Justice Hughes by Rabbi Wise are these: "First, a political party may undertake to capitalize the judicial decisions of its candidate, than which nothing could be more deeply violative of the spirit of the judicial institution." From that decline, held Hughes, to the conscious or unconscious rendering of decisions subsequently to be used by the partisans of the judicial candidate would be a very short step. "The Justices of the

Supreme Court are privileged by virtue of their office to render service of the highest order to the Nation. The performance of that service and the maintenance of the dignity of that office depend in largest part upon the will of the members of that Court to suffer no personal ambition for elective office, however great their gifts, and though their fitness be in every respect beyond question, to influence their judgment or to affect the attitude of the Nation to the Supreme Court as a tribunal." "In all of this," said Rabbi Wise, "I have studiously refrained from exact quotation of Justice Hughes's words, though perhaps it has been possible to reproduce his thought with measurable accuracy. As we parted I turned to him and asked the final question: Do you not conceive that an extraordinary crisis might make it your duty to accept the nomination for President in order to render a great public service? Unhesitating and unequivocal was the answer: 'I hope that, as a Justice of the Supreme Court, I am rendering public service and may continue to do so for many years; but the Supreme Court must not be dragged into politics, and no man is as essential to his country's well-being as is the unstained integrity of the courts.'" "The answer," said Rabbi Wise, "was the measure of the man. Though he declined to be considered for the Presidency by the Republican party, Justice Hughes remains a moral asset of the Republic."

And during the trying days of the last year, while both cleverness on the part of false friends and earnest desire on the part of a multitude of real friends have sought to shake him from his purpose, no word of his gives the slightest basis for belief that his conviction is altered. It may be said that neither the final answer to Rabbi Wise, quoted above, nor any answer that Justice Hughes has given during the past twelve months, has irrevocably closed the door upon the future. I agree. And I hold that neither he nor Mr. Root nor Mr. Roosevelt nor any other great and available Republican, if there be any other, or any great and available Democrat either, has any right irrevocably to close the door in this hour of need of the highest political leadership for the Nation. No more right than he would have to say that under no circumstances would he shoulder a rifle and fight for his country. And nobody who would have the confidence of the people as a leader would close the door.

But what we know affords a measure of

the foundations of logic and conviction which will have to be broken up in Justice Hughes's nature before he gives consent. Not the slightest or the strongest personal desire can avail against a purpose so established. Perhaps nothing can. About that nobody knows save Justice Hughes himself. But certain it is that he could never be the candidate of a faction, nor of anything except a united party, and, as far as that can be expressed through a united party, of a united people also. Nothing except a Nation-wide belief on the part of

the people themselves that Justice Hughes must be the man—a tidal wave of popular opinion about which there can be no cavil—nothing else and nothing less can break the force of either the conviction or the argument of Justice Hughes himself. But even personal conviction and rational argument bow to National need. And for that reason, Justice Hughes, in the estimation of his friends, would have no right irrevocably to close the door.

New York, March 3.

SOME WAR IMPRESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN

An accomplished young New England woman, who has lived much as an educator in France and Italy, volunteered some months ago to do hospital work among the soldiers of the Allies. Her services were accepted by the French Government, and she is keeping her family informed of her experiences in a series of diary letters, some of which we have been permitted to see. We are glad to print the following extracts from these letters. Their value is enhanced by the fact that they were written without any idea of publication. Indeed, she does not know that her comments, delightful in their frank incisiveness, are being published. For that reason we do not feel at liberty to give her name. We are sure, however, that our readers will be interested to turn to the picture section, where they will find her full-length photograph and a view of the American-Italian Hospital, one of the institutions which she has been aiding.—THE EDITORS.

BLACK LONDON

I CLOSED my steamer letter on Friday evening. There was mighty little sleep on board that night, and we came to anchor at midnight. We found ourselves in a beautiful landlocked bay in the morning, the hills around us as green as in summer with us, and cattle feeding everywhere in the open. The sky was wonderfully blue, and so was the water. At ten we were all summoned into the dining-saloon to have our passports viséed by the English authorities. It took on a serious aspect from the beginning, as we were all locked in, like culprits waiting for punishment.

About an hour before my turn came there was sent back into the saloon, after she had been let out, a Frenchwoman, to be re-examined. She had a doubtful character from the beginning, since she was traveling under her own name as the companion of a so-called American oil man with a German face and name. The two, however, had made friends

with all the foreign element on board—Russian, French, and Belgian. When she was brought back, it made the rest of us poor waiting creatures feel as if we too must be guilty of something, as one always does feel when anything unusual happens. But, thanks to my letters of introduction, especially my letter from Ambassador —, I passed the ordeal successfully, but the Frenchwoman and the man were, after re-examination, held at Falmouth pending further trial. I believe her check-book and other things found in her trunk incriminated them in some way. It was interesting to see how all their former associates avoided them.

All this took us hours, and it was five o'clock before we were seated in the train ready for London. We ran up to London very fast, the only difference between this and peaceful days being the tightly closed blinds and the shaded lights. In our compartment were a young navy officer (such a black-faced, very young fellow!) going back

to join his young bride whom he had left after being married twelve days, and a young girl just back from Central America as a governess, who had lost her two brothers in the war. It was a step nearer the reality of things. Arrived in London at midnight, the platform was filled with men in khaki; such splendid-looking men! After all, there are no such officers and soldiers as the English—so strong, so well-made, so clean-faced!

When we left Paddington in our taxi, we were plunged into darkness. It was the most curious sensation—London *black*, the electric lights either out or painted black half-way down and emitting but a faint circle of dimness. The curbs and posts are all painted white. The taxis have only feeble lights, and every now and then great fingers of light shoot across the sky from the watching searchlights. It was ghostly to glide silently through London, dimly seeing as you passed Buckingham Palace, *black*; the Houses of Parliament, *black*; all the hitherto gay thoroughfares, *black*. It was my first real sensation of war.

London, December 2, 1915.

NECESSARY RED TAPE

We spent Sunday mostly sleeping, though I wrote to Mrs. L—in the evening, and had a telephone next morning from her. Monday I went to tea with her and had a long talk about the French Wounded Emergency Fund Society, and she advised me to come around to their headquarters the next morning and look things over (and be looked over, I imagine!). Tuesday morning I went to the French Wounded Emergency Fund Society headquarters, where they are certainly doing a wonderful work. I doubt if any Americans could long work so laboriously, with so much drudgery, day in and day out, in a freezing house, as these Englishwomen do. I early discovered that my plan of looking over different fields of work and of deciding later which I would enter was an impossible dream. To go to France at all one must be accredited to some well-recognized society; one must have their permission and the permission of the French Minister of War and two references of well-known men in addition. If any one thinks it easy to get in or out of these countries, let him dismiss that illusion at once. But, of course, it is only right; countries at war must be protected.

London, December 2, 1915.

THE TERRORS OF PHOTOGRAPHY

Wednesday morning I went over to the Embassy and found that the Ambassador had granted my request for a private interview. There were many flunkys and much red tape as well as red carpet, but the Ambassador himself was as quiet and simple and friendly as possible. We sat together on a divan and had a very pleasant though businesslike chat, and he promised me my letter of introduction at once and gave me many bits of desired information. The note came an hour or so later by special messenger. It then remained for me to have my photo taken for another passport (French) and a permit from the Government. The photo is as hideous as one could well imagine, being struck off by flashlight and finished immediately. It is dreadful to go branded all over Europe with such a thing!

London, December 2, 1915.

THE GOOD FORTUNE OF HARD WORK

Don't you think I have been most fortunate thus far? This morning I presented my credentials, all of them, to the French Wounded Emergency Fund, filled out a lot of blanks, and was formally enrolled! I am to visit from one country hospital to another by auto, with another woman as chauffeur. I am under the French Army Office. They are sending me where they have most need. I have a Red Cross *brassard*, a permit from the *Ministre de la Guerre*, a safe-conduct permit, etc. I shall have to have a bag to carry them all! All these details have been demanded only within the last month, but the F. W. E. F. Society, instead of being private as it was then, is now a Government affair and of real importance. I hope and pray that, having this opportunity given me, I may do good valuable work and not fail!

London, December, 1915.

A USELESS SERMON

You see, I am still here waiting for my papers from France. I suppose they will arrive within a day or so. Meanwhile I have done many things and have had some interesting experiences. In Westminster Abbey, where I went alone yesterday, I was surrounded by soldiers—so young and so serious it made a lump come into one's throat to see them. Behind me was a row of splendid men who sang wonderfully well. They were all as black as coals—South Africans. The

sermon was an insult to any thinking man of mature years; just a string of stupid platitudes—and those said to men about to face death! They themselves were the better sermon. Do you wonder that the Church has lost hold? It has here—one hears it on every side. Why, the archbishops won't let their curates enlist, saying they have vowed to keep themselves apart for special work. As if it wasn't God's work to avenge wrong, and as if many of them, anyway, hadn't gone into the Church for an easy berth! I like better Cardinal Mercier's idea that his priests were the *better* soldiers because they *did* so well know right from wrong.

London, December 6, 1915.

A PROTEST AGAINST UNPRO- TESTING

Saturday afternoon we went out to Chelsea, to the house where William Morris used to live, to see Mrs. X. The room in which we had tea was a studio with a gallery, an open fire, great lounging chairs, and fascinating landscapes and portraits everywhere. Many came in, and the talk turned, of course, on the war. The Englishmen talk with great gravity and dignity, with an immense idea of fair play in all they say, and with a really remarkable understanding of America's position. The one thing *none* of them can understand is our not protesting about Belgium. Mr. X, the only American man, made an attempt to defend our attitude by saying that a protest should never be made unless one had the force to back it up, at which there was a chorus of protests from every one (self included). I could not help remarking the light, flippant way of the American, the attempt to make a joke of everything, where no joke was, which absolutely prevented any intelligent response. Some one remarked later that, while American men might give their women their money and their own liberty, they certainly did not think women worthy of their intellectual efforts, and that an Englishman under similar circumstances would have given the best intellectually of which he was capable.

London, December 6, 1915.

GOD AND THE WAR

Last night, Sunday evening, Miss — and I dined *en famille* with Mr. and Mrs. —. They live on Cavendish Square, in a house filled with rare things of every sort—books, pictures, tapestries. They have lived in Holland for ten years, and the dining-room was

entirely Dutch, and a dear little Dutch maid waited on us in costume. Mr. — is a life-long friend of all the literary folk of London. He knew Meredith and Coventry Patmore, and he knows all the young poets of to-day. The talk at that dinner table was one of the most interesting I have had in all my life. Of course the war was the topic, but only along psychological and religious lines; and when dinner was almost over it turned into the very serious subject of God and his world, and his interest and responsibility in all this awful thing that is going on here below. I wonder if many men outside the Church in our country would voluntarily bring up such a subject and go into it so deeply and so heart-searchingly! It was a hot discussion, and yours truly took part in it, forgetting her whereabouts and all her limitations, and found herself at times the figure at whom it was all being hurled.

London, December 6, 1916.

GOOD TALK AND AN OPEN FIRE

When dinner was over, they suggested going over to the M——s, who were at home informally every Sunday evening; so we passed out into the gloom of the London streets, barely able to see the way before us, turned and crossed and turned again, and came to an old-fashioned house of apartments, on the top floor of which the M——s live. We climbed up four flights of dark and narrow stairs and were shown into a long hall, leading to an equally long and narrow sitting-room. There, at the far end before the fire, were Mr. and Mrs. M—— with two guests. . . . I found myself talking and listening as if I had been at my own fireside. It was *ideal*—the talk; the atmosphere of culture; the rare treat of hearing great people talk naturally of themselves and other great people; the feeling of being welcome among them. It is the kind of thing I have dreamed of. We were there for two hours. And what talk there was! Of the war, of course; of the "boys" going out; tragic stories of heroism; of America; of poetry; of Rupert Brooke (the one, you know, who wrote that lovely sonnet, "If I should die," which I cut out a year ago from the "Literary Digest"; and he did die in the Dardanelles); of Meredith, etc. Mrs. M—— has a lovely soft voice and a timid, appealing way. She is terribly overcome by the war, and barely smiled. Mr. M—— has a great sense of humor and told several funny stories—one of

how President Wilson had been dubbed "Will-soon"!

London, December 6, 1915.

"KEEP SMILING"

Monday I went to see the remarkable war cartoons of the Dutchman Raemaekers.¹ There were over a hundred and fifty—marvelous in their keen, able, fearless, terrible portrayal of the ugly facts of this war. I could think of nothing but the denunciation of the prophets. He has a message, and he gives it. A price has been put on his head in Germany, and he is not welcomed by the truckling spirit of certain Dutchmen. But he fears no one. He portrays, of course, the frightful militaristic, materialistic, brutal side of Germany, but he also portrays the mean, cringing, or the money-at-any-cost attitude of certain Dutchmen. He has one or two hard knocks to give the United States (well deserved). Yesterday at a big dinner given him here some one said that they (the cartoons) were without price, as being the real contemporary history of the war as seen by a great neutral. The response of Raemaekers was characteristically frank and fearless. He said that he had come to England to study and satirize them—if necessary; that he had been here six weeks, traveling from north to south and east to west, and had seen everything. He had thought them unawakened or indifferent at first; he had found them serious to the core and with a great ideal. Their motto, "Keep smiling," made them misunderstood at first. One was not here long before he realized that they smiled with grave and anxious hearts. He bowed before them and bid them keep on smiling. He so well expresses the feeling that I have had that I repeat his words. His cartoons go to Paris and Rome, and then, perhaps, New York.

London, December 9, 1915.

THE ENGLISH

I have never before come in vital touch with the English, and what I have seen I admire immensely. But then I always did stand up for the English! The surface that one sees is like our own surface. You must go below to find the real thing.

London, December 9, 1915.

WOMEN AND THE WAR

On December 11 I went to the bank, to the American Express Company, to the office

¹ Four of Raemaekers's cartoons are reproduced in this issue of *The Outlook*.—THE EDITORS.

of the F. W. E. Fund for my final orders, and did a hundred little things. Walking home in the early evening I passed a *thousand women*, splendid, straight, military-looking, all in khaki, some carrying rifles, some stretchers, some blankets, etc., and led by a military officer. They were the "home guard" of England, and they number thousands throughout the country. . . .

Monday, the 13th, is a day to be remembered. We left the hotel at eight o'clock for the Charing Cross Station *en route* for France. There we found *crowds*—soldiers, nurses, men, women. It was all we could do to find places. Arrived in two hours at Newhaven, we were admitted four or five at a time into one room where our passports were looked at, into a second where five men at a long table passed us from one to the other with a scrutiny that bored into one like a gimlet. I came in for special scrutiny because I was going to do a public work, and was questioned very severely. . . .

We reached Paris at midnight, having come up in the compartment with two Belgians who had fought at Dixmude, both young and one without a leg. Each had the cross of the Legion of Honor pinned on his coat. Paris was dark—as dark as London; everywhere there were searchlights and the sound of aeroplanes, as that night a Zeppelin had been seen crossing the lines. But it never got near Paris, as it was turned back by the French fire.

The first thing that struck us was this: "*Taisez-vous. Méfiez-vous. Les oreilles ennemies vous écoutent*" (Don't talk. Be on your guard. Spying ears are listening), posted in the trains, on the stations, in the shops, in the *Métro* (subway). A good idea!

Paris is and is not the same. A year ago, they say, it was deserted. To-day it is full of movement. Everything goes and goes properly—the *Métro*, the trams, taxis, cabs. There is less service in the hotels and restaurants, no auto-buses, women as conductors and ticket-punchers. The streets are easy to cross and almost empty at night. And everywhere there is mourning—women all in black. (I felt so conspicuous, and I was.) Every one is quiet and serious, with a seriousness that one respects and admires. Soldiers are everywhere. Cripples, blind, wounded. The other day *six* got into the *Métro*, all without legs! But such bravery and good humor, such courtesy and self-control! After London, with its apparent

lack of comprehension, you feel that these people know what they are facing and are prepared to face it to the end. How I admire them! How glad I am to be working for them!

Paris, December 17, 1915

ANTI-AMERICAN FEELING

You will be interested to know that the feeling here, and, in fact, in Italy in general, is *bitter* against the Americans. It is also outspoken. No night passes that the "Corriere della Sera" has not some small or large editorial apropos of our attitude. . . . The whole attitude is this, that, as the Italians cannot believe us to be such block-heads as to be fooled by the German and Austrian attitude toward us and the world at large, they are constrained to think us (led by Wilson) as playing a double rôle; as temporizing, as waiting to see which way the scales will turn, for our own benefit. As for talking about being "too proud to fight," they think *that* the utterance either of a fool or a knave. They cannot understand why we cannot see far enough ahead to realize the peril of Prussianism and the end for which all the Allies are fighting. They do not want us to go to *war*, but they think we should have stood by them, morally, from the first, and they think that had we shown the courage of our convictions—being the great Nation that we are—Germany would have feared us and not dared to raise our wrath.

Now it is far too late, and all the letters that may pass between the United States and Germany, or Austria, are but scraps of paper. Every note we write only produces more scorn or contempt. When it is pointed out that all the people are not of Wilson's mind, the immediate reply is, "Then why, if you are a thinking people, don't you assert your own will?" I have done nothing but defend Wilson and his outlook since I came here—to Italians, to English, to *Americans*! The Americans are so ashamed and so indignant that we have allowed the hyphenated Americans to show their power against us, allowed them to dare to say and do the things they have, and to spot our hitherto fair fame over here, that they are sick about it. You can't realize how unhappy one feels when one's country is the object of scorn and ridicule—and I assure you it is *everywhere* so—not merely here, but in the two other countries I have

visited. And the arguments brought forward are to me unanswerable, because I must say I feel we have been so cowardly in not protesting about Belgium, and everything else that has followed in its train. I'm *not* writing this for the sake of rhetoric. I wish I could make you feel, as I have had cause to feel it, the *scorn* of us there is among the thinking people I have met here in Europe. I wish the public at large in America could know it. It is of value coming from this country (Italy), because she has gone into the war not of necessity but from choice, and she has viewed the whole thing coolly and with open eyes. There is not any enthusiasm for the war here at all, and not even any thrill that comes from the feeling that one is saving one's country and one's home from invaders. It is all a horrible, tragic business that must be gone through with. It is also of value, as was said to me, because I have not been here in Europe to be biased by their outlook—I have come "fresh" from America with her outlook in mind—and I find the arguments here unanswerable. Of course I point out the value of our help as individuals who are giving money, clothing, food, etc., and that *is* appreciated everywhere. Our help to Belgium, however, is viewed in this way: that we are taking off the shoulders of Germany, whose duty it was and is, the support of the people she has conquered, and so leaving her hands and her *money* free to carry on the war. Shame would have compelled her to feed the Belgians; if it did not do so, the public opinion of the neutral nations would have forced her to do so. I hope the censor will pass this letter in order that some Americans may know the state of popular feeling—and you know I have not got it by "hearsay," for I can talk and understand Italian.

Florence, Italy. January 9, 1916.

FRENCH SUFFERING AND FRENCH GAYETY

Apropos of the wonderful patience, gayety, and power of making the best of it, with which we have been struck from the first in every wounded and crippled man with whom we have talked, I will tell you of just one ward (the first of the sort in which I had ever been) where *every man in the room* had had some sort of amputation, and the room held forty (I have been in many since). Six had had amputations the day before, and so were pale and silent. I think had I known that I was about to be led into such a room

I should have hesitated, both for their sake and mine. But, not knowing, I went in, and, hardly realizing the sense of what I was being told, found myself looking into the hand of a man who held out towards me, at the surgeon's suggestion, fifteen or twenty pieces of shell, nail, bone, which been taken out of his leg the day before. He was as proud as a boy with a handful of new marbles! We moved to the next bed, where we were shown the man's arm—a wonderful operation that I do not understand, where the diseased and broken bone had been sawed off and the two parts of the arm brought nearer together. Here, again, great pride both on the part of the surgeon and of the man! A little farther along we came to a mere boy standing at the foot of his bed, leaning on crutches, for one leg was gone. We talked with him. He had won the "Medaille Militaire" for bravery, and was wearing it on his breast. "These kind ladies have come to offer us help, Jean; thank them for their generous desires," the sister said. "Perhaps the ladies will some day send me a leg," said the boy, laughing; "but I hope they will send me one that is quicker than the one I had, for it was not fast enough to save me from the *obus* of the *Boches*. They say that *là bas en Amérique* they are very quick," and he was delighted with his own little joke, and utterly regardless of his pitiful condition. Somehow I felt as if he were trying to save my feelings, for by this time my eyes were swimming. It needed only one thing more as the last straw. The surgeon, rather brutally, I thought, suddenly turned down the bedclothes from another boy—pale, pitiful fellow!—and showed us a leg amputated the day before. It was a grave case, but they had saved his life, "And to-day he is a *little nervous*," said the surgeon. I felt as if I could scream! When I thought of that poor fellow, all those poor fellows, there in that noisy room, with all the discomfort and suffering everywhere around them, far from friends, and just *beginning* this new life of mutilation and deprivation, it seemed impossible to bear any more, and I just *cried*. I didn't cry out loud, but I got out of the room as fast as I could, and the sister, kind soul, took me into the little chapel, and there I stayed until I had got back my self-control. But those men themselves—do you think *they* lose their self-control? They say they are the gayest men in the whole hospital. And the surgeon said to me, "Ah, madame, that light-hearted gayety for which we as a

nation have so often been reproached has stood us in good stead in these horrible times. It has brought many a man up from the brink of the grave." Strangely enough, I have never yet heard from any French lips words of revenge, though I have from other lips, and some were American!

Well, now I have shown you every side of our experience but one, and that is this: When we come home tired and unstrung at the end of the day, the discouragement that faces us at the little, *little* we can do is beyond any words I can use to express. And this is why I am writing this at such length and at midnight (for I haven't any other time, what with reports, lists, letters to headquarters, etc.), to beg you to put this before our friends everywhere; before the churches, and even the newspapers, if possible, and let the great and growing—ever growing, as France grows poorer—need of the suffering and wounded be known, of whom I have seen so few and yet already know so much. Surely some of those who hear this, in remembrance of their own happy sons and nephews, will send us some money, or will themselves spend some money for the surgical apparatus we need. Clothing is needed, especially socks and woolen things, pillows, gauze, and cotton; but above all else is the need of surgical appliances, large and small. What eighteen months ago was of service is now, after constant use, worn or wearing out. This is a war of terrible wounds, and unless the man has the right treatment on the operating-table, all the rest is useless.

To every one who sends any sum for the French Wounded Emergency Fund, 34 Lowndes Square, London, or care of Madame Charcot-Hendry, 11 rue de la Tour des Dames, Paris, my thanks will go out with the thanks, heartfelt I know, of those whom they will have helped back to health.

Money can always be sent directly to either of the above addresses, preferably to London, where the purchases are made. Goods will be taken free of charge by the Leyland Line of Boston to London, if marked for the F. W. E. F., with its address in London. If goods go to New York, the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique will take them to Bordeaux free. But it is perhaps simpler to mark them for Madame Charcot-Hendry, French Wounded Emergency Fund, Paris, care American Clearing House, 150 Bank Street, New York City.

A Small Town, Brittany, February 9, 1916.

BY THE WAY

"Orders booked called for about 650,000 tons, and contracts for 700,000 tons more were refused." This refers to the steel business. "Owing to the unprecedented number of unfilled orders on our books we are very reluctant to take on any further business, for we hardly know which way to turn." This is the reply of a great paper-manufacturing concern to a customer. Business seems to be getting too big even for the biggest corporations to handle.

Writing of the Selimieh, the great mosque of Adrianople, in "Harper's Magazine," H. C. Dwight says that it is naturally the most perfect mark in the city for hostile gunners, yet it went through a six months' bombardment without a scratch except from one stray shell. (German papers please copy!) The mosque contains a marvelously carved pulpit, "a spider web of perforated marble," and two centuries ago Lady Mary Montagu described the edifice as the noblest building she ever saw, "infinitely beyond any church in Germany or England."

"Man grows old only as he ceases to play," says the physical director of the West Side Y. M. C. A. of New York, Dr. Louis R. Welz-miller. He advises business men to play again the games of their boyhood, such as tag, hopscotch, and prisoner's base—games that, he says, are better than golf because they bring more muscles into active use and are genuine "fun" for the participants.

Dickens has not lost his popularity with book collectors. A set of "Pickwick Papers" was sold at auction recently in New York for \$1,175. Besides being a fine specimen of the rare first edition, this copy has inserted in it two autograph letters from the famous novelist.

Apropos of some misunderstandings as to familiar expressions, noted on this page February 16, a newspaper editor writes: "I printed a conundrum in our funny column, 'Why does the post-office have a bad odor? It's because of the dead letters.' It happened that the local post-office occupied a floor over a butcher's shop. The butcher came to us in a rage with this clipping, saying there was no bad odor around his shop and threatening vengeance if such reference was again made to his place of business!"

"All the passengers declare that the train crew did wonders to make the passengers as comfortable as possible under the trying circumstances." The circumstances were that the train had been sixty hours in a snowdrift higher than the engine, had been run into by a following train while thus stalled and had by the collision been deprived of heat for the cars, and that there were thirteen children under ten years of age among the passengers. This was a Canadian Pacific express. Commuters on other roads who

are sometimes impatient at winter delays may read and reflect.

The factory campaign committee of the Fifth Avenue Association, which has been trying to eliminate clothing factories from the vicinity of New York's most fashionable thoroughfare, reports that within about two years, from May 1, 1914, to January 1, 1916, the number of such factories has been reduced from 654, with 73,582 employees, to 452, with 43,251 employees. Notwithstanding this decrease, the great firms on the avenue are making efforts to eliminate the factories entirely from a prescribed zone and to have them move downtown.

A French paper, "Le Regiment," satirizes the Austrian Emperor's message to his troops, "Soldiers! Together and Radetzki will be with you!" by picturing an urgent call on the telephone to those generals in their haunts below, to the effect that the class of 1748 must now join the colors!

The least detail about Napoleon still finds eager readers, and many will be interested in a statement in a recently published book, "The Letters of Captain Engelbert Lutyens," by an officer who wrote home from St. Helena just after Napoleon's death in 1821: "I tried on one of his cocked hats. He must have had an extraordinary wide head, for it would not fit me when put on square (the way he always wore it), but did when put on fore and aft."

It is always the unattainable that fascinates. Johnny, says the "Christian Advocate," wished that he was Tommy Jones. "Why?" asked his mother; "you are stronger than he is, you have a better home, more toys, and more pocket money." "Yes, I know; but he can wiggle his ears."

The model for the horse in the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc recently erected in New York City was not, as was inadvertently stated in The Outlook of December 15 last, "a splendid Percheron in Paris." It was, we are informed by a subscriber, a fire department horse of Gloucester, Massachusetts, near which city Miss Hyatt, the sculptor, has her studio. A Gloucester newspaper says that "we were all a bit puffed up when Miss Hyatt told the fire boys of Gloucester that she had seen no finer horses than those which our own department owns."

"The new Washington Market in New York City," a friend writes, "deserves at least a mention in By the Way. It is a very up-to-date, sanitary place compared with the old market. Many of the old marketmen are still to be seen. I have just had a sample of cheese handed out politely on his knife by my old cheese merchant. Does cheese ever taste so good as when you get a sliver that way—partly, I suppose, because it is free and thus has an added relish of *lagniaappe*."